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THE PORTSMOUTH HERALD.

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A REAL LOCAL NEWS PAPER

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BIG JANUARY

Mark Down Sale Of Clothing

Men's, Boys' and Children's Winter Clothes

Marked way down below cost to close out to make room for Spring Goods.
This is a genuine Mark Down Sale where you can save money as we are over stocked with heavy goods.
Also a great line of Men's and Boy's Sweaters, marked way down, all sizes.

Don't fail to attend this sale, and save money.

W. H. FAY,

3 Congress St., - - Portsmouth.

RESTER CUSHION INSOLE SHOE

Comfort Surely Means For You.

SOLD ONLY AT

Pettigrew Brothers'

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PORTSMOUTH, N. H.

SKATES

AT

A. P. Wendell & Co.'s,

2 MARKET SQUARE

THOMAS R. SANDFORD, THE TAILOR,

AT BRITTON'S EXPRESS OFFICE,

22 DANIEL ST.

The Finest Line of Woolens for Men's Wear Now Ready.

CUSTOM WORK STRICTLY—REPAIRING AND CLEANSING —SATISFACTION ASSURED.

Suits Cleansed $1.00. --- Trousers 25c.

THOMAS R. SANDFORD, THE TAILOR.

Western Dressed Beef,
Mutton, Lamb and Veal

Walden's Market, Vaughan Street.

Telephone 312-3

CITY COUNCIL

Distributes Offices This Evening

AMONG MANY PERSISTENT ASPIRANTS

List Of The Salary Which Goes With Each Plum

TO BE ALLOTED THIS EVENING IS GIVEN BELOW

This evening the second meeting of the city council will be held at City Hall, and the municipal offices will be distributed according to the judgment of the several councilmen representing the five wards of old Strawberry Bank.

As a matter of considerable interest, the salaries per annum which the principal officials will draw under the provisions of the new charter are shown in the following list:

Street Commissioner, one thousand dollars;

Chief Engineer of the Fire Department, four hundred dollars;

Assistant Engineers, one hundred dollars;

City Messenger, eight hundred dollars;

Overseer of the Poor, two hundred dollars;

City Treasurer, five hundred dollars;

Collector of Taxes, three-fourths of one per cent. of amount collected;

City Auditor, nine hundred dollars;

City Solicitor, five hundred dollars;

City Physician and Chairman of the Board of Health, three hundred dollars;

Other two members of Board of Health, fifty dollars.

LESS MONEY

Than First Estimated Will Do for Rural Delivery

Washington, Jan. 11.—Secretary Shaw of the treasury department has submitted to Congress a letter from Postmaster General Cortelyou asking that his estimate of $28,825,000 for the maintenance of rural free delivery in the fiscal year ending June 30, 1907, be reduced to $27,709,000.

The postmaster general says that this revision of the estimate is based upon the number of routes discontinued on account of lack of patronage; the saving incident to reduction in the number of carriers, and the material decrease in the number of applications which comply with the requirements.

PRESIDENT HARPER DEAD

Head of Chicago University Succumbs to Cancer

Chicago, Jan. 11.—President William Rainey Harper, D. D., of the University of Chicago died on Wednesday of cancer at the age of forty-nine years. Dr. Harper had been at the head of the university since it came into existence in 1891 and was one of the most famous educators in the country.

It is regarded as probable that President Faunce of Brown University will be his successor.

CONGRATULATIONS

Showered Upon Senator and Mrs. Gallinger on Their Escape

Both Senator and Mrs. Gallinger are the recipients of congratulations daily on their miraculous escape from death in their recent trolley car accident.

Senator Gallinger states that the mental anguish which he suffered for the moment was something awful. When they were struck he thought Mrs. Gallinger was surely killed. He picked himself up, saw her being dragged by the fender of the car and rushed to her assistance. Both were covered with blood and the senator's clothes were badly torn.

One peculiar incident in connection with the accident is that Senator Gallinger was responsible for legislation compelling the street car lines in the district to place fenders upon their cars. It was the fender that saved the life of Mrs. Gallinger and kept her from being crushed to death beneath the wheels of the car.—Topping in Manchester Union.

AT THE NAVY YARD

Rear Admiral George A. Converse, chief of the bureau of navigation, has appeared before the House committee on naval affairs in regard to the estimates for appropriations for the next fiscal year.

An effort will probably be made in this session of Congress to have the fifteen per cent. inequality between sea pay and shore pay of naval officers remedied.

Among the naval officers recently registered at the department are Lieut. Comdr. H. S. Knapp, Ensign J. S. Anvine, Jr.; Lieut. Waldo Evans and Capt. C. H. Arnold of the West Virginia.

Secretary Bonaparte's letter of reprimand to Comdr. Lucien Young of the Bennington has been mailed. Since the sentence of the court martial did not specify making public the reprimand, the secretary has left that matter to Comdr. Young. It is said the tone of the reprimand is mild.

Representative Fitzgerald of New York has introduced a resolution calling on the secretary of the navy to inform the House whether since Feb. 5, 1905, there has been any delay in the delivery of material for the battleship Connecticut, being built by the government at New York navy yard, and the reasons therefor, if any. The resolution was referred to the committee on naval affairs.

The battleship Indiana has been put into commission at New York navy yard under command of Capt. Taussig. She received the officers and crew of the Massachusetts, which went out of commission at the same time.

The city of Charleston, S. C., had all plans completed for the visit of the cruiser Charleston, which arrived in the harbor Tuesday afternoon, with Secretary Bonaparte on board. A public reception was tendered the Secretary and officers of the Charleston and of the coast defence squadron Tuesday night, and the formal presentation of a beautiful silver punch bowl, which cost about $3,000, took place on Wednesday on board the cruiser.

The men of the tug Sioux say they read with a smile a recent item calling their sister tug, the Nezinscot, the pride of the water front. While they acknowledge that the Nezinscot is a good boat they claim that the Sioux fits in somewhere and is just as much the pride of the river as the Nezinscot. As for a crew, they say they are the pride of the navy tugs and that their record proves this true.

Box 31, near the boat shop was sounded this (Thursday) forenoon for fire quarters. The department was soon on hand and the apparatus and men made a good showing.

Capt. Parker of the department of equipment is acting in the place of Capt. Perry Garst, who is on other duty at Boston.

Five general helpers were called today (Thursday) in the department of construction and repair.

Thirty-one thousand dollars has been allowed the department of construction and repair for January.

Comdr. Edwards, head of the department of steam engineering leaves today (Thursday) for a trip to Washington.

Eight hundred diddy boxes were sent to the New York navy yard today (Thursday).

A court martial board is in session today (Thursday).

BRILLIANT LIFE

Ends In Death Of Gen. W. P. Buckley

PROMISING CAREER COMES TO ABRUPT CLOSE

Heart Failure, Following Attack Of Pneumonia, The Cause

SKETCH OF THE LIFE OF A MUCH LOVED MAN

The news of the death at his home in Lancaster on Wednesday of Gen. William Parkinson Buckley caused deep grief in this city. The cause of death was heart failure, due to pneumonia.

A week ago, Gen. Buckley was called to Littleton by the death of his mother from the same disease which so soon ended his own life. The fatal illness was the direct result of exposure at his mother's funeral. The evening previous to his death it was believed that he would recover, but a weakened heart proved unequal to the task demanded of it.

Gen. Buckley was a native of Littleton and was born on Feb. 22, 1865. He was a brilliant lawyer and was known and admired in all parts of the state. He had many friends in this city.

He graduated from Littleton High School in 1883 and from Dartmouth in 1887, earning the money for a collegiate course by working during vacations as a cobbler and in summer hotels. Dartmouth had no more loyal alumnus.

After leaving college, he began the study of law and after three years of close application was admitted to the bar. In 1893, he was received as a partner by Drew and Jordan of Lancaster. As a corporation attorney, he speedily won fame.

Gen. Buckley was judge advocate general on the staff of Gov. Chester B. Jordan and he was a member of the state Legislature in 1903. He also served the town of Lancaster for several years.

He was a brilliant writer and made several notable contributions to the current literature of the state. In addition, he was a man of lovable character, of charitable disposition and a loyal friend.

Gen. Buckley is survived by his wife, who was Miss Lizzie Drew, a son, Clyde, a daughter, Miss Alice, his father, two brothers and two sisters.

His parents were Mr. and Mrs. Edward Buckley, the former a native of Scotland and the latter of England.

The funeral will be held on Friday afternoon at two o'clock.

KITTERY LETTER

News of A Day In The Town Across The River

Kittery, Jan. 11.

Mizpah Chapter, Epworth League, connected with the First Methodist Church at North Kittery will meet at the home of Eldridge Remick on Friday evening.

At the regular meeting of York Rebekah Lodge on Saturday evening, the officers will be installed. A collation will follow and all members have been requested to bring cake or pie.

The Woman's Christian Temperance Union met with Mrs. Alfred Googins on Wednesday afternoon. There was a good attendance. The ladies are making active preparations for their sale and entertainment, which will be held in the near future. At the conclusion of the business, Mrs. John R. Wentworth, in behalf of the members, presented Mrs. Manson with a very handsome and serviceable bag in which to carry the large amount of correspondence and literature, which she is obliged to have with her at the meetings of the union. Mrs. Manson was much surprised and greatly pleased and thanked the ladies most heartily.

The services this evening will be held in the Second Methodist Church.

There will be a rehearsal of the choral choir this evening in the parlors of the Second Christian Church, beginning at half-past seven.

JURY CHARGED

By Judge Frederic Dodge in Wallace Will Case

Today (Thursday) Judge Frederic Dodge charged the jury in the Wallace will case, which has been on trial for six weeks in the United States circuit court in Boston.

The case is one of much interest to New Hampshire people. The defendant, George E. Wallace of Rochester, is well known in this city. Mrs. Mary Maud Wallace Gahm of Boston and Mrs. Etta Wallace Pratt of Clinton, Conn., are the defendants.

DOUBLE FRACTURE

Herbert E. Canney Suffered a Broken Arm While at Work

Herbert E. Canney suffered a fracture of both bones of the left forearm near the wrist early this (Thursday) afternoon.

Mr. Canney was at work on the Elwyn ice pond and slipped and fell, doubling his left arm beneath his body. He was assisted to the office of Dr. A. C. Heffenger, where the broken bones were set.

WILL BE RELEASED

John Carroll, Now in State Prison, to Be Paroled

John Carroll, sentenced to state prison for not less than two nor more than three years at the session of superior court in this city two years ago, will be released on parole on Monday, Jan. 15.

Carroll was sent to prison on a mittimus issued by the county solicitor on a suspended sentence.

NEWBURYPORT FIREMEN WANT MORE PAY

Newburyport firemen want more pay. The chief engineer says he wants $400, the assistants $125 each and the call men ask for $80 a year. At present the schedule is chief $300, assistants $75 and call men $60. The petition promises to make interesting work for the city government of that city and some of the members are kicking at such a jump. The firemen say, however, that the city can stand it and they need the money in their business.

WILL BE APPOINTED THIS WEEK

It is expected that President Roosevelt will send the name of G. A. Curtice of Contocook to the Senate this week as the nominee for pension agent for New Hampshire and Vermont. There is no doubt that the appointment will be confirmed, but Mr. Curtice will probably not begin his duties until July 1. This is in accordance with precedent.

STATE PRESS ASSOCIATION MEETING

The thirty-ninth annual meeting of the New Hampshire Press Association will be held at the Eagle Hotel, Concord, on Wednesday, Jan. 17, at 3.15 o'clock for the election of officers, hearing the reports of the several officers, and the transaction of any other business that may properly come before the meeting.

ASKED FOR INCREASE OF WAGES

The Italian workmen in the stockroom of the Gale Shoe Company are reported to have left their work on Wednesday, as a result of a slight disagreement. It is understood that the men asked for an increase of wages.

FUNERAL NOTICE

The funeral services of John B Hutchings will be held at the home, 1 Blossom street, Friday afternoon at 2 o'clock. Friends invited and kindly omit flowers.

A test is expected to be made today (Thursday) of the pumps and fire apparatus of the tug Nezinscott.

DECATUR'S TRIAL

His Counsel Are Contesting Every Step

HARD FIGHT FOR ACCUSED MIDSHIPMAN

Legal Points Continually Brought Up For Decisions

MARZONI OBJECTS TO GIVING TESTIMONY IN THE CASE

Annapolis, Md., Jan. 11.—After an attempt lasting over an hour on Wednesday to arrive at exact conclusions as to how far an upper class man could be compelled to testify as to his knowledge of hazing incidents, in a case in which another midshipman is under trial upon the charge of "encouraging or countenancing hazing", the court martial engaged in the trial of Midshipman Stephen Decatur, Jr., rendered no decision and adjourned until today, when the judge advocate is expected to inform the court in the matter.

The point came up after Midshipman Peterson D. Marzoni had objected to answering questions as to hazing, which, it is alleged had gone on before him. In the former court martial of Midshipman Decatur, Marzoni testified that he was present when fourth class man, Gaylord Church was hazed by being compelled to do the "sixteenth" and that Decatur was present.

Proof of active participation in hazing was necessary to fix that charge. In the present trial, however, "encouraging or countenancing hazing" is charged, and it is claimed that no midshipman who was actually present particularly a first class man, could testify without incriminating himself.

As it is expected that all the cases yet to be tried will contain a charge and specification relative to "encouraging or countenancing hazing", the decision upon this point is considered important.

The first witness on the stand after recess was Midshipman Gaylord Church of Meadville, Pa., whose alleged hazing was the basis of a specification in Decatur's former trial, and also of the only specification under the charge lodged in pursuance of the act of 1903.

Church said that he had laughed in ranks and Decatur, who is a cadet lieutenant, had ordered him to his (Decatur's) room to be reprimanded. He had not been reprimanded, he said, but someone whom he believed to be Decatur, had ordered him to do the "sixteenth". He had obeyed, he said. He was positive that Decatur was in the room part of the time, but not sure whether or not he had gone out before the hazing had begun.

A member of the court asked Church if he identified the room as Decatur's. Church said that it was a room on the floor known as "Tammany Hall", but he was not sure that it was the room of Decatur.

Midshipman Marzoni was then asked in regard to the incidents connected with Church's alleged hazing. He declined to answer on the ground of self-incrimination.

The court was cleared and remained in consultation for over an hour, after which an adjournment was taken until this morning.

W. C. T. U. NOTICE

The Woman's Christian Temperance Union will meet with Mrs. Annie Parmenter, 38 Richards avenue, on Friday afternoon at three o'clock. The subject will be, "The Need of God's Help in Our Work."

"Generally debilitated for years. Had sick headaches, lacked ambition, was worn-out and all run-down. Burdock Blood Bitters made me a well woman."—Mrs. Chas. Freitoy, Moosup, Conn.

FOR A NEW TRIAL

Motion Will Be Made On Saturday

BY THE COUNSEL FOR CHARLES L. TUCKER

On the ground of newly discovered evidence, a motion for a new trial for Charles L. Tucker, convicted murderer of Miss Mabel Page of Weston, will be filed in the Suffolk county court on Saturday. The application will be made by Vahey and Innes, Tucker's counsel.

The new evidence is believed to be the alleged discovery by Harry Allen a Portsmouth attorney, that the Canadian pin which figured in the trial and which the government proved was the property of Miss Page, was really owned by Allen's brother and was lost by him in Portland, Me., where Tucker claimed he found the one which had much to do with his conviction.

Saturday's application for a new trial will be the last move Tucker's counsel will make in the Massachusetts courts. If this is unsuccessful they will take the case before the United States supreme court.

SOUTH ELIOT

South Eliot, Jan. 10.

At the meeting of John F. Hill Grange on Monday evening, the following officers were installed for the ensuing year:

Master, Wallace E. Dixon.
Overseer, Charles B. Gale;
Lecturer, Inez J. Remick;
Steward, Frank Worster;
Assistant Steward, George E. Howe;
Chaplain, Mrs. E. Fernald;
Treasurer, Miss Emma Frye;
Secretary, A. W. Nowell;
Gatekeeper, John Staples;
Ceres, Mrs. C. F. Drake;
Pomona, Mrs. George E. Howe;
Flora Miss Lottie Frye;
Lady Assistant Steward, Miss Etta Leach;
Pianist, Mrs. Charles B. Gale.

Miss Belle Foss of South Berwick was the guest of her sister-in-law, Mrs. H. H. Foss on Tuesday.

Mrs. Johnson of Portsmouth is visiting relatives in town.

Miss Lillian A. Rogers of Knightsville, has been passing several days with relatives in town.

Mrs. Edwin F. Staples is visiting relatives in Boston.

Skating is a favorite pastime at present.

On Wednesday last, Mrs. Samuel Dixon entertained her sister-in-law, Mrs. John E. Hanscom of Philadelphia, Mrs. J. S. Grant and Miss Alice Hanscom of Portsmouth.

Mrs. Peterson of Portsmouth was the guest of Mrs. Frank Cole on Friday.

Allen Tobey has moved his family to Portsmouth for the winter.

Fred E. Huntress of Portland was the guest of his parents, Mr. and Mrs. Charles Huntress.

Rev. George W. Brown passed Wednesday with his sister, Mrs. George Thornton of East Boston.

Miss Leavitt of York is the guest of her brother, Mr. and Mrs. Frank Leavitt.

The Ladies' Whist Club met with Miss Josie B. Staples on Tuesday evening.

Judge E. H. Adams of Portsmouth was a visitor in town on Sunday.

The Ladies' Circle connected with the Advent Church will meet with Mrs. J. W. Davis on Thursday afternoon.

Miss Jessie Meloon of Union street, Portsmouth, was the guest of Miss Mary Buck Tuesday night.

TELEGRAPHIC BRIEFS

Victoria, B. C., Jan. 10.—The steamer Ellerie arrived here yesterday, thirty-two days from Ancon, with three of her crew down with fever. Captain Findley says there is a great deal of malarial fever in the canal zone.

* * *

Washington, Jan. 10.—Mrs. Minor Morris, who last week was ejected from the White House, is today in a state of complete collapse. Dr. Morris, her husband, stated that her condition was serious. Her physicians have refused to permit anyone to see her or to have any discussion of the affair in her presence.

* * *

New York, Jan. 10.—Details are made known today of plans for a chain of municipal hospitals, which when fully realized, will, it is declared, give New York the greatest system of free treatment for the sick that the world has seen.

* * *

St. Petersburg, Jan. 10.—Premier Witte today made an interesting statement to a delegation headed by the mayor of this city which requested a relaxation of the orders of the prefect of police against meetings in the interest of the election campaign. The premier could not promise to do anything until after Jan. 21. While personally he did not sympathize with the harsh measures of Interior Minister Durnovo, he regarded them as essential.

* * *

Cincinnati, O., Jan. 10.—The motion for a rehearing of the appeal for a new trial on behalf of Mrs. Cassie L. Chadwick, of Cleveland, was denied in the United States court of appeals here today. The court of appeals some weeks ago sustained the judgment of the district court at Cleveland, Ohio, which found Mrs. Chadwick guilty of conspiring to wreck a national bank, and sentenced her to serve ten years in the Ohio penitentiary. The petition for rehearing maintained that the charge of conspiracy was not borne out by the evidence.

* * *

Savannah, Ga., Jan. 10.—Upon the convening of the federal court here today A. A. Lawrence of counsel for Greene and Gaynor resumed his argument in support of the plea in abatement offered by the defense yesterday to the indictments returned in 1899 and 1902 respectively.

* * *

Minneapolis, Minn., Jan. 10.—Six known to be dead and possibly more imprisoned in their rooms is the result of an early morning fire in the West hotel. The blaze broke out at 7.15 a. m., in the upper stories of the building and an electric bell immediately sounded the alarm in all the rooms. Many guests who were already up, escaped down the stairways, but these exits were soon cut off by fire and the halls filled with smoke. Captain John Berwin, of the fire department, fell while trying to lower a woman from the fifth floor and was killed. The woman was caught by another fireman. An unknown man jumped for the roof of another adjoining building from the top floor, but missed it and was killed, while a large middle aged woman jumped from the fourth floor and met instant death.

LOCAL DASHES.

The great city meeting this evening.

Portsmouth is still waiting for sleighing.

The Week of Prayer meetings are being well attended.

A third of January has gone and there is still no snow.

The Reapers' Circle at Newington had a supper and sale last evening.

Christ Church Sunday school has its annual Christmas tree this evening.

Last year's mortuary record among the older inhabitants of this city was a long one.

Portsmouth people will be pleased to see John L. Newton of this city with "The Senator's Wife" at Music Hall on Saturday.

The joint installation of Oak Castle and Coeur de Lion Castle Knights of the Golden Eagle, last evening was a very pleasant affair.

Tickets go on sale at Music Hall box office this morning for the performance of "The Senator's Wife" in this city next Saturday, in which John L. Newton, a well known Portsmouth boy, will make his first appearance on the local stage.

TO CURE A COLD IN ONE DAY
Take LAXATIVE BROMO QUININE Tablets. All druggists refund the money if it fails to cure. E. W. Grove's signature is on box. 25c.

ALABAMA LITTLE DAMAGED

Norfolk, Va., Jan. 11.—An examination of the battleship Alabama which recently was in collision in New York harbor with the battleship Kentucky, shows that the injuries sustained by the ship were less serious than at first supposed. Estimates place the time for the completion of the repairs at five working days.

ANASTON
AN ARROW
Clupeco Shrunk
Quarter Sizes, with tie loop
15 CENTS EACH: 2 FOR A QUARTER
CLUETT, PEABODY & CO.
MAKERS OF CLUETT AND MONARCH SHIRTS

AN IMPERIAL DRAGON

GETTING A CONNOISSEUR'S VERDICT.

BY I. K. FRIEDMAN.

When Miss Harding's uncle returned from China he presented his niece, who was an enthusiastic collector of curios with any number of cups and saucers, a variety of ivories, some rare and artistic samples of lacquer work and one imperial Chinese dragon.

"Ellen," he had said on taking the dragon from the box, "I need not tell you what a rare thing an imperial Chinese dragon is. They are made, you know, in the imperial potteries and it is only once in a century that one manages to crawl out of the royal family and find its way in the outside world. Dragons are common enough in China; they curl around everything there, but imperial dragons, my dear, are very discriminating in the subjects that they condescend to strangle."

Miss Harding thanked her uncle warmly. She gave the great vase with the imperial beast curled so fantastically about it a place of honor in her parlor. Then she sat down to advise her friend, Mr. Green, another enthusiastic collector of curios, of her prize.

"I really hope you have an imperial dragon," said Mr. Green when he called the next afternoon.

"O. I have," she answered. "There's no doubt about that!"

Mr. Green smiled skeptically.

"You are smiling," she remarked, slightly piqued, "even before you have seen the dragon. Is there anything humorous about the idea of an imperial dragon?"

"That depends upon the imperial dragon," he retorted. "A friend of mine had an imperial dragon once—that is, he thought it was an imperial dragon until we began to count its toes. There was one toe too many and that settled the nobility of Mr. Dragon. It takes only four toes to make up the foot of an imperial dragon, while five toes make up the foot of the ordinary run of dragons. A dragon of royal lineage gets along very nicely on four toes; presumably it rides more and walks less than its common brethren."

There was no question about it; Green was up in dragons as well as in everything else. Miss Harding's heart sunk as she crossed the room to count the toes of the royal beast's foot.

"I am very sorry," sighed Green, "but it would have been so much better if your uncle had secured a four-toed dragon; it would have put your dragon on a footing with the nobility. Made it toe the mark, so to speak."

Her mood did not lend itself to the enjoyment of his poor pun. She tried to argue the question, insisting that her uncle's long residence in China would have saved him from having committed such a stupid error.

"It ought to have done so, but it didn't," declared Green, smiling but firm. "An extra toe is an awkward thing—in an imperial dragon!"

In the end the skeptical Green had his way and the dragon went to what Miss Harding called "Green's landing," which is the place where he had sent a host of other curios that he had proved base impositions.

Whenever she looked toward "Green's landing" she could see the odious dragon leering at her and drawing itself back as if preparing to spring at her throat, coil around her body and choke her to death with its horrible claws. Mere death for having displaced it from the throne of royalty!

The thing began actually to prey upon her mind and she turned its face to the wall. Still the uncanny beast haunted her and she ordered the maid to remove it to the garret. Even then the fact that the dragon still existed tormented her and she was fearful lest it crawl down the stairs and throttle her in her sleep. If she had had the courage of St. George she would have gone upstairs and have slain the dragon beyond any hope of resurrection.

But what courage would not do for Miss Harding carelessness did for her maid.

"Oh, Miss Ellen," she faltered one day, coming to her mistress in tears, "I—I broke the Chinese dragon."

"Don't bother," returned Miss Harding, half-ashamed to admit that she considered its destruction fortunate. "Don't bother. I can easily get another."

Not a week after the accident Miss Harding met Green between the acts of the opera. She had lost all interest in curios. She had not even dreamed of purchasing anything to add to her collection since the last encounter, and she had therefore no fear of meeting her skeptical friend. But for once he appeared constrained and embarrassed, as if anxious to avoid her.

"I have an apology to offer you, Miss Harding," he began, slowly and seriously.

"An apology from you, Mr. Green," she answered, "would please me more than a gift from anybody else—even a gift of a Chinese dragon!"

"Even a genuine imperial Chinese dragon?" He bowed stiffly.

"Not quite that much, but more than a spurious Chinese dragon."

"But your dragon was genuine. I've just found out that I was wrong. The imperial Chinese dragon has five toes. It's too bad, but it's so."

"Never mind, Mr. Green," she answered. "It doesn't matter now!"—Chicago Daily News.

At College.

Knicker—Is he a professional athlete?

Backer—Yes; but an amateur student.—N. Y. Sun.

HOPKINS' PLAQUES.

Hopkins is a man with whom the truth is a passion, but he has a sister whose honesty is [illegible] by a unusually tender [illegible]. Last summer she stayed with [illegible] [illegible], with her husband [illegible] [illegible] she felt [illegible] [illegible], sat on the veranda [illegible] an old friend of the family [illegible] [illegible] a [illegible] [illegible] [illegible] [illegible] [illegible] [illegible] [illegible] photography plaques.

A dear girl whom [illegible] [illegible] [illegible] Mrs. Dargan [illegible] [illegible] orders for [illegible] [illegible] this sort of thing [illegible] [illegible] [illegible] [illegible] want to go to the [illegible] his sister, and she [illegible] [illegible] [illegible] she can [illegible] [illegible] others got plaques [illegible] [illegible] a penny [illegible] [illegible] Don't you want to [illegible] [illegible] at $10 each? [illegible] [illegible] [illegible] your [illegible] [illegible] [illegible] Hopkins.

"No, thank you," [illegible] [illegible] me. I'm [illegible] [illegible] [illegible] [illegible] was the [illegible] [illegible] [illegible].

His sister [illegible] [illegible] [illegible] plaques on the ground [illegible] [illegible] [illegible] and had forgotten all [illegible] [illegible] [illegible] of the household [illegible] to decorative use.

[illegible] gallantly bridged over the uncomfortable silence that followed by inviting the ladies to partake of ice cream soda. Mrs. Dargan later departed without having mentioned the plaques for her. Wherefore Hopkins, in charge of his sister's voluminous correspondence while she recovered from nervous prostration on a Michigan farm, was astonished, a couple of months later, to peruse a letter addressed to "Mrs. Hitchcock or Mr. Hopkins," which read something like this:

"Dear Sir or Madame: The plaques you ordered from me, through Mrs. Dargan, are ready, and I shall be pleased to deliver them to you at any time, upon receipt of a check for $10. Mrs. Dargan is away from home at present, and I address my letter in this odd way because I really do not know which of you ordered the plaques."

There was more, but Hopkins scarcely waited to read it. He began the return attack by telegraphing his sister: "Did you order these plaques from Mrs. Dargan? Wire reply."

Mrs. Hitchcock did not wire, but she wrote a long letter explaining that she had not seen Mrs. Dargan since the evening he remembered. She did say, however, that she supposed she'd have to take the plaques, anyway, because the poor girl who painted them would feel disappointed if they remained unclaimed.

Hopkins, thus reassured as to his sister's noncomplicity in the sharp trick he suspected, immediately wrote a note to Mrs. Dargan's protege, clearly stating that neither he nor his sister had ordered the plaques. Then he forgot all about the matter until a sorrowful note from Mrs. Hitchcock brought it again to mind.

"You were too late about the plaques, dear," wailed this epistle. "… I had already written Miss Jones that it was I who ordered them. I hate the idea of having the atrocities around, and I'll have to borrow the money from you to pay for them, but I'd rather die than hurt another woman by wounding her pride."

Hopkins, not usually a profane man sat back and swore softly.

"Nice position I'm in," he grimly mused. "Of course that girl will tell Mrs. Dargan and Mrs. Dargan will clear herself by representing that I've told a lie to get out of paying a bill for Ella. And if I clear myself by sending Miss Jones Ella's two letters I convict her of lying and myself of caddish conduct."

In the end he sent his sister a check for $10, with a scorching letter, reminding her of his many lectures on the absolute incompatibility of even charitable falsifying and a high character. By return mail came the nasty, penitent note that made matters ten times worse.

"I'm so sorry, dear," wrote Mrs. Hitchcock, "for I know how you value your reputation for truthfulness and I wouldn't have endangered it for anything. But I've fixed things nicely. I've written Miss Jones a letter scolding her for letting you know anything about the plaques and telling her that the reason you thought I hadn't ordered them was because I was going to give them to you as a birthday surprise."

Hopkins, remembering Mrs. Dargan's fancy for viewing the bachelor apartments of her young friends and realizing the equal horror of his position should he not exhibit the things to the scornful gaze of his masculine associates, promptly decided to live at a hotel in the future. The mild revenge of telling the story is denied him for the sake of his sister, but Hopkins is too human to forego all forms of "getting even." He has informed Mrs. Hitchcock that she need not repay the borrowed $10, but she will find the detested plaques a poor substitute for the usual Christmas present received at her brother's hands.—Chicago Record-Herald.

Lost His Balance.

Jack—Yes, I had a little balance in the bank, but I became engaged two months ago, and now—

Tom—Ah! love make the world go round!

"Yes, but I don't think it would go round so fast as to cause me to lose my balance."—Chicago Journal.

Swallows Migrating.

Recording bird migrations, Otto Herman, a Hungarian ornithologist, is surprised to find that swallows take [illegible] days to complete their passage from Gibraltar to Lulea, in Sweden.

HUNTERS OUTWITTED

Bristol, Vt.—Martin Rivers and Bill Lombard "had some luck huntin'" the other day, but at the same time they experienced quite a mess o' hard luck," as they express it. Their hard luck was their own fault, yet they lay it onto "kantankerous circumstances over which they had no control. Be that as it may, their luck was of the dip-flap variety, and the last flip was of the adamant kind.

The men heard that deer were thicker than leas around a posy bed up Goshen-way and being venison hungry they set forth armed with a couple of rifles, an appetite and endless enthusiasm. They figured that if they started early they could get a buck by noon and be back in time to have liver for supper.

"I tell ye what," said Bill. "I believe I'm so hungry for venison I'd most rather stay out all night than go home without a deer. I don't know just when I've had such a hankering for anything, unless 'twas tobacco once when I run clean out campin'."

"Same here," replied Martin. "And I don't want to be laughed at either. I'd rather kill a good-sized buck than anything I know of, 'less it's a bear. Darned if I wouldn't rather kill a bear."

"They say they're middlin' thick," said Bill.

"But we've never had luck enough to get one, consarn it!"

After they had struck into the woods they separated, the one taking one side of a narrow slash or divide and the other the opposite side. Deer tracks were everywhere and the hunters were not long in picking out the spoor of a big buck and following it in a manner that boded no good for the deer. It was difficult trailing, but Rivers and Lombard progressed rapidly and silently and inside of an hour the former caught a fleeting glimpse of the buck, dashing for the thick undergrowth. It was anything but a fair shot, but the ball from the rifle went straight to its mark and down came the deer dead.

Martin was running forward to cut the animal's throat, when he heard a growl a little off to his right and turning saw a cub bear sitting on its hind legs and showing its teeth. Once more the rifle spit out its deadly messenger and the bear bit the dust before it had time to recover from its surprise.

Lombard was running toward Martin to see what all the uproar was about, when a she bear sprang out of the bushes between the men and dashed at the slayer of her offspring. She was traveling so fast that there was no time for parley and Martin cut loose with his repeater again, this time sending two balls at the animal's head. Both took effect so far as he was able to discover and down went the bear as limp as a rag.

"What in thunder's up?" shouted Lombard, as he broke through the bushes.

"One deer and two bear," replied Martin, with a shade of triumph in his voice.

"And me skunked," replied the other.

"Sorry, but—"

"S-h-h-h," cautioned Bill, suddenly raising his gun and taking aim into a spruce. "There's another one."

He fired and down came another cub.

"Geehosiphat! ain't that great?" gasped Martin.

"Middlin' encouragin'," admitted Lombard.

"Well, well, I guess we don't take a back seat for anybody when we get to the village."

"Not as long as we've got the old bear," agreed Bill. "I should sort of hate to lug in the two cubs without their maw."

After making certain to their satisfaction that the entire bruin family had passed in its check, they went after the deer, skinned it and hung the carcass on a tree.

"Old bear's hide'll be worth $15, easy," said Bill, as he set to work on one cub, while Martin put the knife to the other.

"And the carcass ought to be worth half as much more," declared his companion."

"I don't suppose the cubs will bring much," the other said.

Martin shook his head.

They dragged the buck and the skins of the cubs to the nearest tote road, and then, agreeing that they had done a fair day's work, sat down for lunch before tackling the old bear.

"I always did hate to skin a growed up bear," observed Bill, when they got down to pie.

"Mean job," admitted Martin, "particularly when they've been shot by other folks."

Bill winced.

"I guess we might as well get it done," he said, arising. "Darned if I ain't most tired out."

Whetting their knives on their bootlegs, they started, Bill leading and Martin following. When they reached the spot where the bear had fallen they both stopped short and gasped.

"Gone!" they exclaimed, in a breath. "Well, wouldn't that give ye the cramps?"

Bruin had, indeed, van[illegible]. Nothing but her tracks remained, [illegible] following these the men came to the very spot where the [illegible] [illegible] [illegible] [illegible] the skins of [illegible] [illegible] [illegible] in the tote-road.

"Found her young 'uns hid ez hed in and [illegible] took to the woods," said Bill. "We must have passed her and never knowed it."

"She played 'possum,'" announced Martin. "Dinged if I didn't think she was stone dead."

"All of which goes to show that never can depend even on a dead bear," grunted the other. "No, sir, you never can tell. Say, Bill, it's a mighty good thing you didn't have time to spend that $15."—N. Y. World.

THE GOOD ONE DOES.

"Fine weather for the hayin'," said Eliakim Fairhaven. To his material nature, God's sunshine and the grand glitter of earth and sky were but instruments to fill his pockets with sordid gain—mere accessions to "a good crop."

Miss Comfort Fairhaven sat beside him knitting.

"Yes," said she. "Who's that a-comin' up the path?"

"One of the new hands, I calc-late," said Eliakim, screwing up his eyes. "I didn't agree to give him his supper and board into the bargain a night before the job begins—and I'm blessed if there ain't a little gal along with him!"

"'Tain't no hayin' hand," said Miss Comfort, rising and going down the steps to meet a slender child of nine years, who was leading a pale, bowed-down man, who walked with difficulty, leaning on a crutch.

"Heart alive, child!" said Miss Comfort, whose kindly nature involuntarily sympathized with all who were suffering or in distress: "what ails you? and what do you want here?"

"Please, ma'am," began the child, eagerly, "if you could give us a night's lodging—poor papa is so sick and tired and—"

"No, I can't!" abruptly broke in Eliakim Fairhaven. "This ain't no almshouse, nor yet a charity place."

Slowly and wearily the two poor travelers turned and plodded their way down the broad, dusty road—the languid footsteps of the invalid scarce keeping up with the tripping pace of the child.

They had walked what seemed to Esther Bell a weary way, when there was a rustle among the wild rose bushes that overhung the stone wall at their side, and a voice called hurriedly to them to "stop."

"It's me," said Comfort Fairhaven. "Eliakim—that's my brother—he's gone over to the class meetin' at Squire Dundas, and I cut down through the lots to overtake you. I tell you, I can't somehow get your father's face out of my mind. You're sick, ain't you, mister?"

"I shall soon be quite well," he answered, calmly—and Comfort Fairhaven's more experienced eye detected the hidden meaning which the little girl never once suspected.

"We are going to my grandpa," said little Elsie. "Grandpa was vexed with my mamma for marrying my papa and going to England, but papa thinks he'll take care of me now! But I won't stay with him unless papa stays, too!"

"I suppose you want to get to Lousdale?" said Miss Comfort.

The man nodded.

"Eleven good miles yet," said Miss Comfort; "but I'll tell you what—I'll make Joab get out the wagon, and, with a good buffalo robe over the seats, you'll ride easy enough. They'll be back after Eliakim gets through shoutin' and prayin'—I hain't no patience with that kind o' religion—and while you're a-waitin' I'll bring down a smack o' bread and meat and a bcodle of my currant wine. 'Tain't good to travel on an empty stomach."

"I know I'm pretty old to be lookin' for a situation," said Miss Comfort Fairhaven, "but I can't starve, nor won't beg, so what's there left? We had a good farm once, but my brother couldn't rest till he spekilated all away and now he's gone and I'm all alone. So, if you know of a good place as housekeeper, or matron in an asylum, or general overseer, I don't care where——"

The intelligence office keeper, with a slight shrug of his shoulders, broke in on the torrent of Miss Fairhaven's explanatory utterance.

"What wages did you ask?"

Poor Miss Comfort—the bland word wages called a rusty glow to her cheek.

"I ain't partic'lar about that, so long as it's a good home."

"Here's a place that might perhaps suit you—housekeeper wanted at Mr. Duponceau's, No. — Fifth avenue. You might try it, although I hardly think a person of your appearance would suit."

Miss Comfort's heart, like that of the queen of Sheba of old, grew faint within her as she sat in the luxurious reception room of the Fifth avenue mansion.

The door swung open on its silver-plated hinges, and a tall, young lady in a blue silk morning robe entered.

Miss Comfort rose and dropped a stiff little courtesy.

"I called to see—" she began, but to her amazement the rest of her speech was abruptly checked by a young lady's arm being thrown round her neck.

"Oh, I'm so glad to see you," she cried out, ecstatically. "I thought I never should see you again. I went to the old farm but you had gone away, nobody knew whither. If it had not been for your kindness papa never could have lived to reach his home! Now you shall live with me always too and be my darling old friend!"

So Miss Comfort Fairhaven stayed, nominally a housekeeper—really too trusted and revered head of the establishment, and her declining years were surrounded by peace and luxury.—Danville (Ill.) Commercial News.

Canadians Elect a Negro.

In the election of the new province of Saskatchewan, Canada, one of the surprises was the return of Dr. Shadd in Kinistino. Shadd is a negro, the first of his race to obtain a seat in the Canadian legislature.

The Opening.

"What did old Gruff say when you told him you would like him to find you an opening in his office?" "He showed me the door."—Baltimore American.

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CURTAINS ON STREET CARS

Used on the Front End to Give the Motorman a Clearer View of the Track.

"Why do the motormen draw together the narrow green curtains that are on the front doors of their cars?" repeated a bright little conductor on a street car. "I am asked this question every day, and it is not because it shuts off the wind from the front of the car, as is generally supposed. When the electric lights are turned on in the interior of the cars at dusk, they have a tendency to throw a reflection from the glass in the doors and the front windows upon the glass of the vestibule. This reflection affects the motorman's eyes and interferes with a clear sight ahead. By drawing the curtains the reflection is shut off, and the front platform is placed in semiobscurity, after the fashion of the cab of a steam engine, which, as is well known, is in utter darkness except for the very small lights over the steam gauge and the clock. The curtains are a fine idea, for the darker the platform is the better the motorman can see his course.

"The motormen of this city are much gratified at the success of the movement for vestibules on motor cars. It was a long time coming, but, backed by public sentiment, the welcome vestibules have come to stay. We have had sufficient cold weather this fall to put the vestibules to a practical test. The men can perform much better service, as they used to become so benumbed by cold that they could work their brakes only with difficulty, and could not respond to the calls of the conductors as readily as when the blood freely circulates. While the vestibules are open on the sides, the front glasses are arched, and as satisfactory a protection is afforded as may be expected under the circumstances. In the old days the driving snow beating into the faces of the motormen blinded their eyes and rendered accidents possible, to say nothing of the physical suffering of the men."

IN NEED OF RATTLERS.

Man Who Wouldn't Drink Unless as a Remedy for Snake-Bite.

Recently a Portland firm that deals in fish and game received from a man in an Idaho town this startling order:

"Gentlemen—Please ship me at once, COD, one dozen live rattlesnakes. Must be good biters."

Not having as many live rattlesnakes on hand as the order called for, says the Portland Oregonian, the firm could not make the shipment; but a letter was sent to the Idaho man inquiring as to why he wanted the rattlers. Here is an excerpt from the letter received in reply:

"Three months ago I swore off from drinking whisky. I was determined to quit, so I took a solemn oath never to drink another glass of whisky unless I should be bitten by a rattlesnake and need the liquor as an antidote. Rattlesnakes are mighty scarce in this part of the country. I have been out hunting for rattlers every day this month, but have found none. Now, I am a man of my word. I do not intend to violate my oath. Surely you can get some rattlesnakes for me. Never mind the cost! I'll pay it. Please ship at once. This is important."

BAYBERRIES FOR CANDLES.

Old-Time Custom of Making Aromatic Tapers Recently Revived.

The revival of many an old-time industry has brought into vogue the bayberry candle, beloved of our grandmothers, and here and there along country byways men and women may now be found garnering the aromatic berries, which some enterprising woman has engaged to make into candles, says the Providence Journal.

It requires a quart of berries to make one candle. They should be kept in a dry place till ready to use, then put into a preserve kettle, allowing two quarts of water to one of berries. They should be boiled for four hours, filling up the kettle with hot water as it boils away. Then set it back where it will simmer awhile, and at night set away to cool. In the morning the wax will have formed in a large cake on top of the water, and after melting and straining through a piece of fine lawn or cheesecloth, it is ready to pour into the candle molds. These candles give out a sweet, aromatic odor, which perfumes the room.

Man's Lifting Power.

The lifting power of a youth of 17 years is 280 pounds; in his twentieth year this increases to 320 pounds; in the thirtieth and thirty-first year it reaches its height, 365 pounds. At the end of the thirty-first year the strength begins to decline, very slowly at first. By the fortieth year it has decreased eight pounds, and this diminution continues at a slightly increasing rate until the fiftieth year is reached, when the figure is 330 pounds. After this period the strength fails more and more rapidly until the weakness of old age is reached. It is not possible to give statistics of the decline of strength after the fiftieth year, as it varies to a large extent in different individuals.—Chicago Journal.

Too Risky.

Occasionally a bachelor can be induced to kiss a baby girl, though he hasn't nerve enough to tackle one nearer his own size.

X-RAYS IN DETECTIVE WORK

Stolen Ring Located in the Stomach of the Thief Who Swallowed It.

To set a thief to catch a thief is a proposition that is as old as the hills, but to set the X rays to "locate" the stolen property is an achievement that Sherlock Holmes might dream about, says the New York Medical Journal. It is not a novel thing for criminals to swallow the evidence of their crimes, and the fact is so well known at the diamond mines that many a gem has been rescued from the miner's abdomen. It is, however, a new departure to examine a man with the idea of detecting in his stomach jewelry that had been swallowed to avoid detection, and the chief of police at Davenport, Ia., deserves full credit for the originality of his researches.

It seems that a negro had formed a passing attachment for a diamond ring that he did not own, and, being surprised by the legitimate possessor, promptly swallowed it, notwithstanding the heavy setting that surrounded the stone. This was suspected at once, and the culprit was forthwith locked up in jail with the diamond still in his possession. As he strenuously denied all knowledge of the missing stone, the chief of police promptly sent for the municipal electric apparatus. At the sight of this, the man, imagining doubtless that it was some new method of torture, promptly confessed. The photograph, however, was taken and it revealed the position of the ring. This the negro was willing to return as a compromise if, as the report states, "the doctors could devise some means of producing it, and they certainly could.

FOR A DANGEROUS VOYAGE

Labrador Fisher-Folk Clamor for Berths on Ships in Sealing Fields.

In an article "On Floes with a Hair Sealer," in the Technical World Magazine, P. T. McGrath tells of the eagerness with which men engage in this perilous business. "About the middle of March," says Mr. McGrath, "the seamen gather at St. John's to join their ships, about 5,000 men making up the crews. They sail on March 10, and so eager are the fisher folk to engage in the venture that they will walk 50 or 60 miles through snowdrifts and biting frosts with kits on their backs to secure 'a berth to the ice,' as the local parlance puts it. The tonnage of the ships averages 500, and the crews 200 men each, these being crowded into the forecastle beneath the bows. The holds are filled with coal, which is thrown overboard if she gets among the many herds and has a chance to fill up (the coal being worth but four dollars a ton and seal $80), but is consumed in cruising through the floes for scattered batches of the pinnipeds if she is unlucky at the outset.

"An ample stock of food is also put on board, for occasionally a ship is 'jammed' in some remote bay by the ice and held fast till June, so that this contingency must be allowed for. Three years ago such a case occurred, and part of the crew left the vessel and walked 350 miles through the interior to their homes."

A JUGGERNAUT FOR DOGS.

Automobiles Responsible for the Death of Many Canines in New York State.

In Brooklyn the people who own dogs are talking of organizing to stop the depredations of automobile scorchers, says the New York correspondent of the Rochester Democrat and Chronicle. Out where roads lead in long stretches to the rural districts of Long Island a mortality among dogs has grown so serious that day by day dozens of cherished pets are destroyed by the whirling motor cars and their corpses picked up later by their owners. It is not safe to allow a dog out of the house alone, for ten to one he will never come back alive. The ferocious chauffeur rushes over him with his juggernaut car, and never even stops to explain.

This is the newest thing in automobile outrages; the killing of human victims of various ages has lost its novelty. It is believed that unless autoists mend their ways when passing through the outskirts of Brooklyn they will find that to be a more dangerous route than the city slums wherein they are not wholly immune from showers of stones and other undesirable attentions.

The enraged owners of pet dogs threaten to avenge their wrongs, and in order that it may not get so far as the lynching of chauffeurs by hanging them from electric light poles, the police of outlying Brooklyn are adopting the method of stationing extra policemen along the roads to keep tab on the death-dealing scorchers.

Not Painless.

Yeast—Been to the dentist's?

Crimsonbeak—Yes.

"Was the operation painless?"

"No, indeed! When the operator got me in the chair he took advantage of me and told me a lot of the smart things his children have said."—Yonkers Statesman.

Uniformed Auto Men.

Among the staff of the royal garages of Italy a semi-military system has been introduced. The director will wear the uniform of an army captain and the chauffeurs that of the ranks.

Best Song Birds.

The canaries of Germany excel all other canaries as singers. One has been recorded to continue a single trill for a minute and a quarter, with 20 changes of note in it.

WOMEN AND THEIR JEWELS.

Nervousness Sometimes Causes Them to Create Unnecessary Alarm.

"Oh, Mr. Lecoq, my jewels, worth $20,000, have been stolen. I suspect my maid."

"Calm yourself, madam," said the great detective. "In what places do you usually hide away these things?"

The woman mentioned seven places, and Lecoq had them all searched, relates the Philadelphia Bulletin. In the last, a bandbox, the jewels lay intact. The lady had forgotten that she had put them there.

"And now," said Lecoq, "let this be a lesson to you. Don't, the next time you mislay a ring or a necklace, accuse somebody of theft. I don't believe there is a jewel-owning woman living who hasn't at one time or another declared herself robbed of some trinket which has later on turned up in a forgotten hiding place.

"It happens too often on Atlantic liners that some passenger declares a watch or a bracelet missing. She has all the stewards on board searching and her room steward feels uncomfortable. Sometimes, indeed, she roundly accuses the room steward of theft. And then, a day or two later, the lost article is found in the bottom of her steamer trunk, and the woman is sorry that she was so hasty.

"Men are more careful than women in throwing out reckless accusations of theft. I suppose it is because, living out in the world, men realize that they must always answer for their words. Women live at home, and in a crisis they say unanswerable things to and about people as recklessly as they say such things to and about their children."

MINISTER SAVED SITUATION

Gave the Congregation Something to Do While He Went Home for His Sermon.

The bishop of Llandaff at Newport mislaid his robes and had to preach without them, and elsewhere a clergyman forgot that he had undertaken to conduct the service which was consequently dispensed with.

But in neither case, says Modern Science, did the people suffer from clerical remissness like a Scottish congregation mentioned in his reminiscences by Sir Archibald Geikie, who tells how the minister neglected to bring the manuscript of his sermon and had to make time to go home, a mile off, and fetch it. Almost distracted, he gave out the one hundred and nineteenth Psalm, and directly the congregation began to sing the first of the 176 verses he rushed away to the manse, from which he by and by returned to the church breathless, finding the clerk waiting uneasily.

"How are you getting on?" he gasped.

"Oh, sir," said the clerk, "they've got to the end of the eighty-fourth verse, an' they're cheepin' like wee mice!"

The pious congregation was exhausted, but the situation was saved.

FENDERS FOR AUTOMOBILES

English Inventor Would Have the Cars Carry Cowcatchers as a Precaution.

A London firm of motor car manufacturers has recently introduced a new feature in the shape of pneumatic cushion buffers for attachment in front of motor propelled vehicles. The buffer is in the form of a short arm curved around the front of each of the steering wheels, and is of such a shape that in a collision the impact in most cases will be converted into a glancing blow, and damage either to the car or the object with which it collides may be avoided or minimized.

In view of the numerous instances in which dogs or even children are run over and killed or maimed by motor cars it is rather surprising that it apparently has not occurred to anyone to fit the cars with some such device as that attached to the front of the electric tram cars.

Some kind of modified "cowcatcher" which would gather up a child or a dog, and hold it out of danger for the few moments until the car could be stopped, might be a means of preventing many lamentable accidents.—Chambers' Journal.

Trouble on the Zambesi.

Hippopotami in the Zambesi river, which in the vicinity of Victoria falls is coming into use for transportation purposes, are causing a lot of trouble. A Livingstone correspondent of the Bulawayo Chronicle writes: "The hippo have again become very troublesome on the Zambesi. Several boats have been upset, causing one fatality and some narrow escapes. One man who had gone out had his boat overturned close to the edge of the falls, and it was only by the most strenuous effort that he and the boy he had with him were not swept over the lip. As it was, they managed to reach Cataract island, where they were obliged to spend the night, remaining there until they were rescued on the following morning.

Easily Convinced.

It needs little argument to convince the woman that marriage is a failure when she is allowed to play ragtime tunes on a washboard five days a week to entertain some loafer who calls her wife.

No Room for Doubt.

Maude—I wonder if Elvira and young Greening are engaged? I'm sure he proposed to her.

Clara—Then it's a cinch they are engaged.—Chicago Daily News.

MEAN AND CRUEL NATURES

Those That Can Not Refrain from Stabbing While They Give.

"Some people are so disagreeable," said the typewriter, "that they cannot give a birthday present without first saturating it with the acid of their mean and cruel natures. With contemptible ingenuity they put a sting in every gift.

"A woman of this sort, a resident of Manayunk, gave her nephew on his birthday a paid-up course in a drink-cure institution. The young man drinks, but not to excess, and this gift enraged and wounded him.

"The woman's daughter-in-law visited her last summer for a week. She neglected to bring a pair of slippers with her, and now and then, while dressing, she would walk from her room to the bath in her stocking feet. Though she lives in Tacoma, her mother-in-law, when her birthday came, did not neglect to send her a pair of slippers. Thousands of miles the slippers traveled, not to please their recipient, but to reproach her for having been a little slovenly in Manayunk.

"The woman's sister has four boys, whose stockings gap with holes more frequently than they should. The woman gave her sister a darning outfit on her birthday.

"She has a niece who, being a college girl, uses slang. She presented her last Christmas with a book called 'Girls' Guide to Conduct,' with a chapter on the 'Vulgarity of Slang' marked in ink."

RUSSIAN CHIEF OF POLICE.

Repellent Portrait, Which Is Typical of a Brutal and Oppressive Class.

"The Night That Made Me a Revolutionist," in Everybody's, is the tale of a young Russian peasant. Speaking through the mouth of Ernest Poole, the writer, the young revolutionist tells the following incident:

"Toward evening both of us were called to the police station. We were taken before the chief of police.

"He was a man of 50. He was not at all like the priest, but short and burly, with a thick soft neck and a face all red and puffed out; his fingers trembled from vodka. He had been in the army, and had now been given this easy place; he had never learned to read or write till after he was 30. He always had trouble to speak, for his breath came short, his brain was clouded, and you could see by his eyes that he was always trying to grab his thoughts and hold them together. Every morning he was sad; every afternoon he was cross; every evening he got more and more stupid.

"We found him in the cross period. He lay on the sofa wrapped in a long gray cloak. The cloak was unbuttoned in front, and you could see his black hairy chest. He held a cigar very tight in his teeth; a white cat lay in his lap, and his fat red hands kept trembling over the cat's back."

INVENTS NEW EXPLOSIVE.

Railway Employe in Mexico Produces a Compound to Be Used in Mining.

An employe of the Mexican Central railway has recently applied for a Mexican patent to cover a new explosive. The claim is made that this explosive has about the same breaking strength as ordinary 40 per cent. dynamite, that used in mining. In addition to this it will do away with the usual bad effects of smoke, and it offers the advantage of being best exploded by a fuse or an electric spark, thus making the caps unnecessary. It is said that the cost of manufacturing will be very small, owing to the cheapness of the ingredients and to the simplicity of the plant that will be required. Experiments have been made with it at the mines of a metal company in Asientos, and from the report made by the company it would seem that the discovery gives promise of being worked into considerable importance. Successful tests have also been made with firearms. If the patent is allowed, a more complete series of experiments will be made with the explosive, and if successful, the parties holding an option on the patent will endeavor to establish it commercially.

Florid Language.

In the far east language has always been more florid and ambiguous than in the west. The king of Ava, in Burma, called himself the "regulator of the seasons, the absolute master of the ebb and flow of the sea, brother of the sun and lord of the four and 20 umbrellas." The king of Arracan, lower Burma, was "possessor of the white elephant and the two earrings," as well as "lord of the 12 kings who placed their heads under his feet." In the Mozambique-Zambesi region of Africa the king of Monomotopa was not only "lord of the sun and moon," but "great magician and great thief."

Royal Author.

The duchess of Buckingham and Chandos is publishing a book of stories for children which are a tradition in her family history. The tales are real children's stories which have been handed down from generation to generation. The author, who says she can remember them word by word, has written them down as they were told, first to her grandmother, then by her to the duchess' mother, who in turn passed them on to her children and grandchildren.

Hard to Tell.

Mrs. Dewtell—What is that piece that Kitty is singing?

Mr. Dewtell—It's either an aria from "Parsifal" or she has seen a mouse and is scared.—San Francisco Call.

PRIZES FOR UGLY GIRLS.

Novelty in the Way of a Public Exhibition That Was a Success.

An interesting showman in Milan, who has more than once organized successful beauty shows, recently struck out in a new line by arranging what might be styled an "ugly" show, whereat a number of women and girls competed for three prizes which were offered for the three ugliest competitors. And strange to say, the show was a decided success, which goes to prove that, contrary to a common belief, there are some women sufficiently ugly to be conscious of their defect.

There were 14 competitors, and by all accounts every one of them deserved a prize; indeed, some one suggested that while considering to whom to award the prizes the judges had worn smoked glasses in order to save their feelings. However that may have been, the winner of the first prize—a young woman of 24—was the wife of a local frame maker and the mother of five children.

In the German town of Haschmann it is an annual custom to award cash prizes to the ugliest girl of the year, also to the most crippled and to a woman of more than 40 summers who has had at least two lovers at different times, but lost them.

These prizes are provided by the interest derived from a sum of money left by a wealthy Haschmann philanthropist, and are really intended to encourage local men to marry the ugly, the crippled and the rejected; but in this matter they do not appear to be very effective, though the prize to the ugliest girl generally amounts to about £15, and that to the cripple to some £12, while £10 usually falls to the woman of blighted affection.

CATS DRIVE OUT RABBITS.

Stray Descendants of Summer Cottager's Pets Do This in New Jersey.

Ten years ago this island, then known as Tatem's or Seven Mile Beach, offered the lovers of rabbit hunting one of the finest shooting grounds in the state. Since then, says a local report, the supply of rabbits has been decreasing rapidly.

The rabbit tribe has been almost wiped out by cats. The original cats were brought here by summer cottagers, and either from choice or because they were abandoned by their owners they strayed into the swamps on the island and remained there, subsisting on birds and field mice and upon fish cast ashore on the beach. When the breeding season of the rabbits came around the cats waged a relentless war upon the young bunnies and devoured hundreds of them.

This outdoor life soon caused the cats to lose their gentleness. They increased rapidly in numbers and each succeeding generation became wilder, until now, hiding in the deep swamps, there are many almost as ferocious as catamounts.

The offspring of these cats, born and raised in the woods, develop to an unusual size. They have heavier fur and longer and sharper claws than the domestic tabby. Some of them weigh as much as 20 pounds.

They have little fear of dogs, often boldly attacking them. In these encounters the dogs usually suffer the more damage, coming out of the fight badly torn and scratched and often being saved from being blinded only by the arrival of their owners.

In flight these felines are remarkably agile and easily outrun the dogs. They are very tenacious of life and even when badly wounded will show fight.

ATTACHABLE BOOT SOLES.

Invention of London Man Greatly Simplifies the Repairing of Footgear.

An ingenious system of resoling a boot when the existing sole is worn out has been devised by a London inventor. In this boot, says the Scientific American, the outer sole is attached to the inner sale by means of brass screws inserted in a series of eyelet holes round the welt. When it is required to attach a new sole the worn sole is simply unscrewed and the new one substituted. In the case of the heel the screws are driven into holes in the under surface of the heel so that not only do the screws fulfill the function of attaching the new heel, but constitute efficient protectors as well. The attachable soles and heels are standardized in various sizes and can be placed on the market ready for instant attachment. The process of soling and heeling a boot can be accomplished in five minutes. The idea is especially applicable to soldiers' boots where the foot covering is subjected to constant and heavy wear. The main advantage of the device is that no time is lost during the repair of the boot. The American military department has ordered samples of the new boot and proposes to subject them to severe trial by men on active service.

Electricity Gains on Steam.

New York plans to receive her railroads by electric traction, and Sweden is experimenting with the monophase electric system, with a view to its adoption in the government railways. The present tests relate to an 18,000-volt trolley system. A number of tests will be made to learn the best operating voltage to use in the working of the lines under the various local conditions. The locomotive is of 25-ton type and has two main axles, each containing a 150-horse power motor working at 25 cycles. Two locomotives can be coupled together and controlled from a single point. The pneumatic control system is used for the locomotives.

SALARIES TO DAUGHTERS.

Novel Theory Which Is Said to Be Very Successful in Home Practice.

Where there is need of her work in the home, and often help has to be hired to take her place the daughter should be given a regular salary approximately the equivalent of what she could earn outside after making allowance for board, room rent and the numberless privileges a girl has in her father's house. The salary should be at least equal to what would have to be paid for the same work if a stranger were called in to do it says the New York Independent in advocating the custom, and the duties should be as distinctly defined and as promptly and efficiently performed. This is a very different thing from an allowance without definite duties.

We know of several families where this plan has worked successfully. In one instance the daughter, while unmarried, became a capable housekeeper and manager, buying all supplies and relieving both parents of care and annoyance, for which she received a housekeeper's wages at the end of every month. Another, whose mother is an invalid, gets a weekly envelope containing the same amount that would have been paid a nurse. Both these salaried daughters were happy, contented and efficient, and each had a feeling of independence and self-reliance never to be attained under the "allowance" system or the usual haphazard appeal to father for money to gratify needs or whims.

THE BENEFITS OF FREE ART

Influence on the Public of Fine Collections Placed on Exhibition.

Few men buy foreign masterpieces for the purpose of keeping them secluded in drawing-rooms—they are freely shown to artists, students of art, and the public in loan exhibitions, at clubs, in museums, and even in tenement house regions, and eventually will find their way to the great free public collections, says Century. Their influence in elevating the taste of the country is direct, strong and indispensable, and the people opposed to the free importation of them are those who have least acquaintance with them, and who, therefore, suffer most from the absurd restrictions of the law. The representative of a constituency remote from an artistic center, who should vote against free art, would simply be cutting off his nose to spite his face. The argument that free art would open the flood gate[illegible] to foreign trash loses sight of the [illegible] that good taste in art is forme[illegible] seeing the best pictures, not by[illegible]ing to see poor ones. There is [illegible] of wretched art in this count[illegible] ready, but there never can be a[illegible]ciency of masterpieces. If tw[illegible]mous Titians in a certain dining-ro[illegible] in New York could daily be seen [illegible] all men—they have been loaned for months at a time to the Metropolitan museum—they alone would measurably decrease the demand for trash.

TOMMY'S KIND ACTS.

Took Mamma's Talk on Charity to Heart and Carried Out Injunctions.

Gov. Folk of Missouri was talking about reform, relates the Kansas City Journal.

"We all believe in it," he said, "but we want to see it brought about at other folks' expense. We are like, too like, a certain Kansas City boy.

"This boy's mother said to him on her return from a long day's shopping in the Thanksgiving season:

"'Now, I hope my little Tommy has taken to heart mamma's talk of last night about charity and unselfishness. Since he has few troubles of his own, I hope he has thought of others' troubles all day long. Since he has many causes for thanksgiving himself, I hope he has tried to give cause for thanksgiving to others. What is my Tommy's report for the day? How many acts of kindness has he done? How much woe has he lightened? How many hearts has my Tommy made grateful and glad?'

"In this rather mushy way spoke the good young mother. And her Tommy replied:

"'I've done a whole lot of good, ma. I gave your new hat to a beggar woman, and I gave the cook's shoes to a little girl in busted rubbers what I seen on the street, and I gave a poor lame shoestring seller pa's evening suit—the open front one that he hardly ever wears.'"

America and Rome.

With idleness and luxury went the usual tendency to brutality and demoralization. The historical novel was not invented; so that Roman ladies and gentlemen could not sit by the fire of an evening and read highly-spiced narratives of murder and torture. But, after all, the incidents of the arena, though less varied, were perhaps even more piquant than Mr. Kipling or Mr. Jack London. Social morals, too, were of a quality which seems only too apt to accompany the highest civilization. Divorce was almost as easily obtained as in some of our western states, and nearly as common. Cicero, for instance, was separated from two wives; yet he was universally regarded as of stainless character, and that he was wise is shown by his remarking, when urged to marry a third time, that "it is difficult for a man to devote himself at once to a wife and to philosophy."—Gamaliel Bradford, Jr., in Atlantic.

He Took No Risks.

Smith—How about your family after your death?

Jones—They will be provided for, old man. I carry no insurance.—Life.

TIGER AND SNAKE VICTIMS

In India Alone 20,000 Human Beings Perish Yearly.

The annual death rate from snake bites in India is from 18,000 to 20,00. This represents a greater mortality than results from the epidemics of some diseases there. The British government, duly aroused to this fact, now offers a bounty for the head of every cobra, in fact, of any deadly poisonous snake, of which there are forty species on the Indian continent. A dead tiger naturally has an intrinsic value of its own, and as a result there need be no incentive offered to stimulate efforts looking toward their annihilation, even apart from considerations of self-preservation.

At the last compilation tigers averaged an annual killing of 150 adults, while the man-eaters and wolves between them made away with any number of children.

There are tigers—and tigers. In fact, there are three different sorts of tigers as regards habits. First, there is the game killer, a powerful, husky beast, as cunning as a fox, as lithe as a steel rod, and with teeth and claws that rip and cut like buzz-saws. There there is the cattle killer. He is a beast who has grown a trifle lazy. In the course of his experience he has found that a bullock may be killed with a great deal less trouble than a deer or other sort of game, and he has also discovered that the flesh is just as good, if not better. He begins with a calf, and, finding that easy to kill, he works up through the various stages until he learns that the largest bullock or ox that walks is very easy prey. A tiger who becomes a "cattle lifter" has started on the downward path. He does not know this, of course, but he has, nevertheless—he is on the sure road to the man-eating trade, and that in the end means degeneracy and certain death

Once a man-eater, always a man-eater. A man-eating tiger is almost invariably an old tiger whose teeth and claws are blunted and who feels his pristine agility departing. Even cattle killing tires him, and as has been said, he tries his luck with man, and thenceforward he has rather an easy time of it until he is killed, as he always is, sooner or later. As time goes on he degenerates terribly, according to animal men. He grows lean, his blood turns bad, and he is so mangy that his pelt is worthless from a commercial point of view.

But the killing of a man-eater is no easy task, for the reason that he never kills twice in the same village. Instinct has taught him that after he has made a killing in a village it is much [illegible]ore conducive to his health and long- [illegible] to move on to another village. [illegible]e does. The average range of a [illegible]er is twenty miles, and as all [illegible]ge lies in the jungle, it is no [illegible] to hunt him out. Yet he [illegible]nted out in time. For [illegible] man-killer in a village [illegible] exciting event, and e[illegible] has a gun is in ar[illegible]ho have not constitu[illegible]a corps of beaters, ru[illegible] jungle, shouting and [illegible] frightening the beast [illegible]

When an [illegible]er falls victim, then t[illegible]comes interested, and a[illegible] for miles around com[illegible]r elephants and thei[illegible] rifles, to the end tha[illegible] be done away with. [illegible] travel along the roads o[illegible] they have little bells a[illegible] waists which jingle musically[illegible]ing the villagers that mail is a[illegible] But it also notifies the tiger th[illegible] well-fed government employe is [illegible] hand, and not infrequently all that [illegible] found of the carrier is a mail bag, and sometimes not even that.

Poisonous snakes literally swarm in India. Cobras live in dooryards, in cellars, in gardens, and sometimes you will find a score in a field. Natives walking about in their bare legs are killed day after day, year in and year out. Perhaps the mortality would not be so great were the natives not fatalists, but they are and when they are bitten they argue that if their days are not numbered, then their lives will surely be saved in the present instance, and all efforts looking to that end will be wasted. And so, being bitten, the majority of them do not bother about it for four or five hours, when, perhaps, the pain will drive them to a village doctor. Of course it is then too late. Perhaps it was too late in the beginning, but the British government has lately adopted an antitoxin, which is said sometimes to result beneficially when a cobra victim is treated in time. The poison of a cobra attacks the nerves, whereas the bite of American vipers attacks the blood, and in fact there is little to choose, although the snake curator at Bronx Park, R. W. Ditmars, says that despite the fact that the cobra is popularly believed to be the most poisonous serpent in the world, he would rather be bitten by that species than by a rattler. In any event, he said, the proper thing to do, being bitten, is to cut the wound out with a penknife, and then tie a tourniquet above the wound, and run for a doctor.—New York Times.

Enormous Reservoir.

One of the largest works of man's hands is the artificial lake or reservoir, in India, at Rajputana. This reservoir, said to be the largest in the world, known as the Grand Tank of Dhebar, and used for irrigating purposes, covers an arear of seventy-one square miles.

Budapest's dead street continus 22 houses, which no one will enter because of the abnormal death rate that has prevailed there in the past.

THE PORTSMOUTH HERALD

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THURSDAY, JAN. 11, 1906.

TO SUPPORT PRESIDENT'S POLICY

President Charles S. Mellen of the New York, New Haven and Hartford has publicly announced that he is going to support the President's policy. Mr. Roosevelt doubtless is gratified at this announcement, for the president of the New York, New Haven and Hartford is one of the oldest and biggest railroad men in this country. There is not a detail of the railroad business of which he is not a master. Te entered the acounting department of the Northern New Hampshire thirty-six years ago, and rose steadily until he became successively second vice president of the New York, New Haven and Hartford, president of the Northern Pacific, and president of the New York, New Haven and Hartfo [illegible] The directors of this road chose [illegible] because they wanted not only [illegible] able executive, but also, as [illegible] a "jollier plenipotentiary," [illegible] by diplomatic methods, [illegible] people along the line [illegible] humor they were i [illegible]

In declaring for [illegible] ate policy Mr. Mell [illegible] with the knowledge of [illegible] the people and the [illegible] ng them, which ha [illegible] actor in his past s [illegible] that a law giving [illegible] mmrce Commis- [illegible] reasonable rates [illegible] any railroad that did [illegible] reasonable rates. He [illegible] t the people are tired of [illegible] e abuses and are resolved [illegible] ear them any longer, that if [illegible] ld remedies they now demand [illegible] denied them there probably will [illegible] e a violent agitation for public ownership of railroads, the result of which no man can foretell, and that therefore the best thing the railroads can do is to bow at once to the popular will.

All the other leading railroad men of the country who recognize the substantial justice of President Roosevelt's rate policy ought to follow the example set by Mr. Mellen and give that policy their public, active support. They can in no other way do so much to prevent a public ownership propaganda which would convulse the nation and do immense harm to the railway and all other intersts. There is a strong need at the present time for more railway diplomats like President Mellen.—Chicago Tribune.

From the distance, it would appear that the New York, New Haven and Hartford Railroad is not gaining in public favor. The friends of President Mellen in New Hampshire looked to him to adopt a broad policy and believed that he would give the people of New England to understand that while his corporation represented a monopoly, it was nevertheless anxious to get business and would encourage it. We trust that these expectations will, in the future, be fulfilled.

HAZING

If President Roosevelt, Secretary Bonaparte and other officials of the United States government wish to bring about a square deal, they will issue orders to court martial many of the officers who have been on duty at the Naval Academy during the past twenty years.

It is idiotic for those officers who have winked at brutal hazing for years to attempt to convince the public that they are without knowledge of the practices of the midshipmen. If there is a genuine desire to stop hazing, those officers who have shirked their plain duty should themselves be court martialed. The dismissal of a few officers would, perhaps, end the graduation of rowdies from Uncle Sam's $15,000,000 educational institution.

Admiral Dewey, in a recent interview with a representative of the New York Sun spoke emphatically on this subject.

"Hazing," he said, "of all the acts of cowardly conduct of which I have ever heard, seems to me to be the worst and to have the most alarming possibilities. I can conceive of nothing more cowardly or more brutalizing than the hazing of one man by a dozen others. Several against one is certainly inconsistent with the dignity of any man who expects to be an officer of the navy; and the midshipman who under such circumstances participates in hazing cannot from the very nature of things be a credit to his country in any capacity.

"Hazing has reached the limit of toleration. Whatever the attitude taken regarding it elsewhere, it simply must be eliminated from the Naval Academy. It has been stopped at West Point, I believe, and it can be wiped out at Annapolis. It is useless, I am afraid, to appeal to the honor of midshipmen as a means of abolishing hazing. If they will not respect their solemn oath taken when they enter the academy, which forbids such a violation of discipline and which is also forbidden by a specific act of Congress, they will certainly ignore any further purely verbal appeal.

"I would not allow any midshipman who, being on duty, had even witnessed a scene of hazing without reporting it or had participated in it to remain in the academy one hour. I would instantly dismiss him with no possible hope of reinstatement. Congress, you know, has reinstated midshipmen who have been thrown out of the academy for this offense. I would make such a recourse impossible. I appreciate the fact that Congress and the officers in charge of the Naval Academy are now resorting [illegible] limit of their power to uproot [illegible] vil. I believe that they will be [illegible] sful."

[illegible] iral Dewey does not condemn [illegible] pmen who engage in a fair [illegible], but "in the light of recent [illegible] nts cannot even condone the mild, good natured hazing which has often marked the overflow of good spirits and abundance of energy." He has no sympathy with existing conditions and "advocates the showing of no lenience."

Punishment of guilty midshipmen will undoubtedly have a deterrent effect. Punishment of officers who have permitted hazing, pretending ignorance of occurrences of which there is every reason to believe they had full cognizance, would be even more certain to end what has become an intolerable condition.

BIRDS' EYE VIEWS

Oh, dear, it must be awful
To suffer with the thirst
Like that poor wretch who swore off
On Jan. 1.

Strawberries are now in the market for exhibition purposes only.

The United States Senate, at least, cannot be accused of starting the latest revolution in Panama.

Will the "one-third actor, one-third schoolboy, one-third genius" receipt for making a President be generally accepted?

On July 4, 1904, the Wellman expedition started for the North Pole. On what date will the Walter Wellman expedition start?

Someone has said that hell is paved with good intentions. During the breaking of all those New Year resolutions, the paving business must have been good.

Iowa is paying $2 apiece for wolf scalps. Luckily, the last wolves in New Hampshire were those which were at our doors during the Cleveland regime.

The Laird of Skybo and libraries has sent Congressman Sulzer twenty-four quarts of Scotch whiskey. Wonder what use Congressman Sulzer has for whiskey?

If Walter Wellman succeeds in reaching the North Pole, he will certainly get a "scoop," but how is he going to prove when he gets back that he has been there?

The Paris physician of "Judge" Andy Hamilton says he "has a grave affection of the nerve center." No one but a long distance physician would ever suspect that anything's the matter with that man's nerve.

"Bloody Breathitt" county has seen the dawn of a new day, and is to have a peace conference and feast at Jackson, the county seat. One will be safe in not accepting invitations to attend until the affair is over.

OUR EXCHANGES

Just A Common Little Boy

Just a common little boy!
Like to other boys, mayhap;
Comes and cuddles at the sleep hour,
In my lap.

Yet I own, with arms around him,
All the wealth of mother-joys;
Like to mothers of all common
Little boys.

—Cora A. Matson Dolson in Tom Watson's Magazine.

Rain Record Last Seven Years

An examination of the records at the office of the water department shows that 31.72 inches of rain fell during the year 1905. Going farther back over the record covering a period of seven years, it may be interesting to note that in 1899 the fall of rain was 32 inches; 1900, it was 52.85 inches; 1901, 46 inches; 1902, 44.95 inches; 1900, 37.45 inches; 1904, 30.44 inches. The fall of rain during the year 1900 was the largest in the history of the department since the construction of the present water works.—Dover Democrat.

An Economic Purpose

When coasting is seasonable there is no boy who will tell you that hills have a great economic purpose.—Concord Patriot.

In Breathitt County?

It is reported that a Hearst paper is to be started in Kentucky. Well, for people who like that sort of thing, that is the sort of thing they like.—Portland Press.

Maine Correction

Here we have it again: "Gov. Cobb and his Council gathered." Why, brethren quill-drivers, Gov. Cobb hasn't any "Council" any more than he has a "Legislature." The executive council, if you please—legislatively elected and credentialed, and not necessarily to do the governor's bidding, either.—Bridgton News.

The Rural Population

It was Jefferson's belief that the mainstay and support of our free institutions would be found always in the rurl population, living on and from the land. He regarded cities with eversion, and called them the "Cloaca," the sewers of the country. Though money flows to great cities, wealth remains and increases in the rural districts. The [illegible] of agriculture estimates that the daily increase in the value of farms for the last five years has been $3,400,000. That wealth, won by hard work, in the face of wind and weather, is the real bulwark of democracy. Socialism may divide the personal estate, consisting of money in the cities, but the real estate, the farms of the country, will not be in the pool.—San Francisco Call.

HORSE AND CART DISAPPEAR.

A stranger Tuesday noon hired a horse and cart from the stable of Stephen M. Towle on Clifford street, ostensibly to go to Hampton to get a load of goods. He has so far failed to return the outfit and Mr. Towle has reported the matter to the police, who have sent out circulars to the nearby cities and towns. The horse is described as being a large gray, weighing 1300 pounds, and from 12 to 15 years old. Her mane is clipped smooth, is cockled jointed, and the nigh foot is swollen from striking. The horse had a heavy harness, collar and hames, and was hitched to a dingle cart that was once painted blue. There was a dark street blanket on the cart.—Exeter correspondent, Manchester Union.

A WONDERFUL PREPARATION

If your complexion is not perfect, use the famous Swedish cutaneous complexion cream. It is not a face wash, but a natural nourishment to the skin. Being a purely vegetable compound, it is a benefit to the most delicate complexion, keeping the skin soft and beautiful. If there is no agent selling the Swedish cutaneous complexion cream in your vicinity, sent fifty cents and I will send you one full size bottle, post paid.

George J. Mahnborg,
306 Amherst street,
Manchester, N. H.

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John Doe X His Mark

A man's mark is his honor. It stands for him and he stands for it. It's the old Saxon way of signifying good intentions.

The right to be protected in the exclusive use of a trade mark has been long recognized by the common law and enforced by the chancery courts of England and this country.

The Government puts its mark on a bond to give it value.

The NATIONAL BISCUIT COMPANY puts its trade mark in red and white on each end of a package of biscuit, crackers or wafers to distinguish these products and to guarantee the quality, and *it does.*

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NATIONAL BISCUIT COMPANY

Its Trade Mark

HE PROTESTS

Father of Gen. Bingham Says His Son Doesn't Use Profanity

Rev. Dr. Joel F. Bingham of Hartford, Conn., a former rector of St. John's Church in this city, and father of Gen. Theodore A. Bingham, the new police commissioner of New York, has a letter in the Hartford Times protesting against the newspaper reports of Gen. Bingham's tendency to punctuate his language with profanity.

The father says that when his son entered Yale he had already been confirmed as a communicant in the Episcopal church. He continued:

"Now, I wish distinctly and emphatically to say that in all his visits home, in all his thousands of letters to us (in which, as he is of a mercurial disposition, matters of the most important and exciting nature, public and private, were often discussed with great heat), neither his mother nor I ever heard a profane word from his lips, nor saw a profane word written by his hand.

"I may add for what it may be worth that, although not 'goody-goody', he is a religious man of the most pronounced type. He has been an active member of the St. Andrew's Brotherhood almost or quite from the foundation of that church society.

"His churchmanship is of the so-called 'Connecticut' type, yet whenever practical he receives the earliest communion."

THE THEATRICAL FOLK

Magnificent Stage Settings

Miss Florence Hamilton, one of America's foremost actresses and a prime Broadway favorite, is booked for Music Hall on Saturday afternoon and evening in her new comedy-drama "The Senator's Wife." The play calls for a number of magnificent stage settings and is rendered by a cast of prominent metropolitan players carefully selected by Miss Hamilton and Scott Marble, the author, for their especial ability in each particular character. "The Senator's Wife" is full of incident and wholesome comedy, affording Miss Hamilton the greatest dramatic opportunity of her carer.

Little Lord Fauntleroy

It is with great pleasure that the management of Music Hall announces to the patrons and the public the engagement of Mrs. Frances Hodgson Burnett's great play, "Little Lord Fauntleroy," by a company of unusual merit, support little Doris Horslin, the most wonderful child actress on the American stage, who will appear as the "Little Lord."

This great play has a wide reputation, not only in this country but in foreign countries, and is one of Mrs. Burnett's best efforts in the dramatic line. It is a play full of heart interest, pathos and comedy, a play that will appeal to all. Mothers should not fail to have their children witness this performance. Little Doris Horslin is pronounced both by the press and public a wonder of the dramatic age. It will be a correct production in every detail.

During the engagement of the "Little Lord Fauntleroy" Company, a handsome natural life sized Little Lord Fauntleroy doll, completely dressed, will be given to the person, absolutely free, holding the lucky coupon.

Every person attending receives a coupon, both at the matinee and in the evening. The coupons are drawn on the stage at the evening performance. The one holding the corresponding number drawn receives the doll completely dressed.

For the matinee performance, as a special inducement, a handsome large autograph picture of "Little Lord Fauntleroy" is given personally by Miss Horslin to the audience.

Those attending the matinee performance should hold their coupons received at the door until after the evening performance, so as to compare with the lucky number, which will be drawn in the evening.

Should the holder of the coupon not be present at the time of the announcement, they can present the same to the manager of the theatre who will deliver the doll.

PRESENTS REPORTS

Rt. Rev. Eugene M. O'Callaghan Tells of His Pastorship

Right Rev. Monsignor Eugene M. O'Callaghan, V. G., pastor of St. John's Church, Concord, and formerly and for many years pastor of the Church of the Immaculate Conception in this city, read his annual financial report at both masses on Sunday, and presented a most interesting and satisfactory account of the affairs of the parish. All the expenses for the year were met by the usual revenues and a comfortable balance remained at the close.

Regarding the extraordinary expense attached to the construction of the new convent and school buildings now being erected, the right reverend pastor stated that of the estimated cost, $23,000, the sum of $17,000 had already been paid, $5,600 of which represented the amount of the bequest of his predecessor, the late Very Rev. John E. Barry, for the chapel attached to the school on Walker and Bradley streets.

RESCUED TOO LATE

Child Taken From Burning House, But Died in a Few Hours

Burns received in a fire at the family home on Wednesday resulted in the death of the nine months old child of Mrs. Locke of Newmarket.

Three young children, the oldest four years of age, were left alone in the house. Fire was started by the children playing with matches. The blaze was discovered by passersby and an alarm sounded.

The flames were soon extinguished by the firemen. While they were in progress, the mother rushed wildly to Capt. Herson of the fire company and said that her youngest child was still in the house. Capt. Herson made his way into the house and found the child, but the rescue was too late, as the burns were very serious and death came in a few hours.

AT HAMPTON ACADEMY

Miss Anna N. Cole and Miss Grace Preble are conducting affairs at Hampton Academy during the absence of Principal Clarence W. Mitchell, who is undergoing treatment for throat trouble.

WANT ADS.

SUCH AS FOR SALE, WANTED, TO LET, LOST FOUND, ETC. .....

One Cent a Word.

For Each Insertion.

3 LINES ONE WEEK 40 CENTS.

LOST—Last Saturday night, on either Islington, Cabot, Highland or South Streets, a pocket book containing a sum of money. Finder please return to this office. jan11,c,h,3t

MEN and boys wanted to learn Plumbing Trade, pays $5 day after completing course of practical instruction at home or in our schools. Graduates admitted to Union and Master Plumbers Association. Positions secured. Coyne Bros. Co., Practical Schools Plumbing and Bricklaying, New York, Chicago, Cincinatti, St. Louis. Free Catalog. dec27,c,h,tf

WANTED—Live agents in every town in New Hampshire and Maine to represent the *New Hampshire Gazette.* Address this office

WANTED—Men or women local repres tatives for a high class magazine. Large commissions. Cash prizes. Write J. N. Trainer, 80 East Washington Square, New York, N. Y. mch18,ctf

FOR SALE—A modern, up-to-date seashore cottage. One of the finest spots on the New Hampshire coast. Address "S.," care Chronicle. aug10,cabtf

FOR SALE—14 room house and barn cor Maplewood Ave. and Prospect St. Apply to C. E. Almy, 87 Market St.

SAFE FOR SALE—A good safe which cost new $250.00 can be purchased at a bargain. Address G. W. D., Chronicle office. tf

TO LET—House on Islington Street, vacant after Nov. 1st; furnace heat. Apply to Sugden Brothers, No. 3 Green Street. oct14,ctf

TO LET—10 room tenement cor. Cass and Islington Sts. Apply to C. E. Almy, 87 Market St.

WHIST SCORE CARDS for sale at this office sep19,cahtf

PRINTING—Get estimates from the Chronicle on all kinds of work.

PLACARDS—For Sale, To Let, Furnished Rooms To Let, etc., can be had at the Chronicle office.

FOUND—A dark brindle bull terrier, spotted with white. Owner may have the dog by calling at 4 Columbia court, proving ownership and paying charges. jan.10,h,2t

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C. E. TRAFTON,
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The cost is
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38 Middle St.

FOR SALE—Farm, 20 acres, will keep 4 cows and horse; 6 room house, cistern, never failing well, barn 34x36, shed 21x36.

IN GRAND ARMY HALL

Double Installation Wednesday Evening

OF STORER POST AND STORER RELIEF CORPS

A double installation was held at G. A. R. Hall on Wednesday evening, when the officers of Storer Relief Corps were inaugurated. The installation of Marcus M. Collis Camp, Sons of Veterans, originally scheduled for Wednesday evening, was postponed.

Past Department Commander Marcus M. Collis was the installing officer, assisted by Thomas Tredick. These comrades were assigned to their respective chairs and stations:

Commander, Michael E. Long;

Senior Vice Commander, J. Albert Sanborn;

Junior Vice Commander, Edwin H. Leslie;

Adjutant, Charles L. Hoyt;

Quartermaster, Simon R. Marston;

Surgeon, Charles P. Abbott;

Chaplain, Meshach H. Bell;

Officer of the Day, Joseph F. Moore;

Officer of the Guard, Isaac F. Jenness;

Sergeant Major, Henry S. Paul;

Quartermaster Sergeant, George E. McIntosh.

The Woman's Relief Corps installation was conducted by Miss Fannie L. Deverson, with the assistance of Mrs. Twombley. The officers are as follows:

President, Miss Edith M. Paul;

Senior Vice President, Mrs. Jennie Dorr;

Junior Vice President, Mrs. Anna Jose;

Treasurer, Mrs. Marinda M. Lang;

Chaplain, Mrs. Edith M. Abbey;

Conductress, Mrs. Carrie L. Jenkins;

Guard, Mrs. Emma Marshall;

Secretary, Miss Martha Rhodes;

Patriotic Instructor, Mrs. Lillie Humphreys;

Press Correspondent, Mrs. Nellie M. Fletcher;

Pianist, Miss Blanche Thurley;

Color Bearers, Mrs. Nellie Kehoe, Mrs. Addie Carll, Mrs. Jennie Marden, Mrs. Alexene Trafton.

A pleasing event was the presentation to the retiring president of the corps, Mrs. Whittier, of a large bouquet of roses and pinks. Concealed in the bouquet was a gold ring, set with pearls and garnets. The presentation was made by Mrs. Bertha Smart in the following words:

"Mrs. Whittier:—The hands on the dial of time have been swiftly moving around, and they again point us to the beginning of another year. One short year ago, we elected you to the office of president of this corps. Well do we remember when you declared unto us the utter impossibility of your serving us in that capacity, but when we pledged to you our loyalty and our support, our desire was accomplished.

"Your acts and doings in office have been mild, gentle and loving. The year has brought to us pleasure and prosperity, and to you the beautiful commendation, 'She hath done what she could.'

"And now, in behalf of the officers and members of Storer Relief Corps, No. 6, I desire to present to you this lasting tribute of love. Please accept this sweet and fragrant token of their affection, imbedded in which will be found 'pearls of friendship, servants of charity, and encircled in a band of loyalty.'"

A collation of sandwiches, ice cream cake and coffee followed the ceremonial work.

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"Liven the Liver."

giving health, energy and good spirits
For sale everywhere, 25 cents a box, or by mail.
Dr. J. H. Schenck & Son,
Philadelphia, Pa.

How's Your Stomach?

F. B. Coleman Has A Remedy Which He Guarantees To Cure The Worst Case Of Stomach Troubles.

We wish to tell the readers of this paper about a remedy which is a marvel in medicine. It cures the worst cases of stomach troubles, from the acute attack of Indigestion to Chronic Dyspepsia. This remedy is known as Alberts Little Dinner Pill, being the prescription of Dr. Hutchinson, the noted specialist of London and Brighton, England, who, previous to his decease had built up a remarkable practice as a specialist in diseases of the stomach. Dr. Hutchinson claimed that his success was due to the use of this Pill, and since its introduction to the American Continent it has performed many wonderful cures. Mr. J. H. Lombard, Casco, Me., writes: "I am now past 81 years of age and have had stomach trouble practically all my life. I sent and got a sample package of Alberts Little Dinner Pill thinking that it would turn out to be one more disappointment, but from the first dose I found relief and can say that I am now better than ever before in my life. It is a wonderful cure for Dyspepsia and I heartily recommend it to all sufferers from stomach troubles." Alberts Little Dinner Pill contains no Physic, no Acid, Alkali, Ginger, Pepsin, Pancreatin, Soda, Morphine or any preparation of Opium, or in fact any of the ingredients usually found in so-called Dyspepsia cures. It cures by removing the cause and makes the worst cases well, being guaranteed to benefit or the purchase price returned. Sold at Drug stores or by mail 25 cents per package. Samples free. Address Albert Chemical Co., Boston, Mass. Sold and guaranteed by F. B. Coleman, 61 Congress St.

GEORGE A. TRAFTON
Blacksmith and Expert Horse Shoer.
STONE TOOL WORK A SPECIALTY.
NO. 113 MARKET ST

SLATE WAS BROKEN

Such The Current Report About The City Today

Five of the Democratic councilmen met on Wednesday evening, Councilman Wendell being ill, to make up the slate for the city meeting this (Thursday) evening. The meeting was not so protracted as that of Monday evening and the business was finished about eleven o'clock.

None of the councilmen present will stand for an interview on the result of the gathering, but while they refuse to talk, it is said they gave the slate some hard knocks and that it was broken more than once during the evening.

However, they will attempt to fill all offices that should be filled tonight and reports have it that everything will probably move smoothly.

The hot contests are expected to be over the positions of chief engineer, overseer of the poor and street street commissioner, especially the last named.

NOT SERIOUS

Injuries to the Kentucky of No Great Consequence

Washington, Jan 11.—Admiral Evans has reported to the navy department that after a thorough investigation it was found that the damage to the battleship Kentucky in New York harbor is not so great as at first reported.

The Kentucky, which went to the navy yard at Brooklyn, is being repaired and will rejoin the fleet in a few days.

Tickets for the Monday evening performance of the Harcourt Comedy Company, presenting Charles K. Harris, the popular repertoirist, in "Reaping the Whirlwind," go on sale at Music Hall box office tomorrow morning.

ASSIGNED TO DUTY AT THE WHITE HOUSE

Lieutenant Chauncey Shackford, U. S. N., son of Captain William Shackford, a widely known son of Portsmouth, has been assigned to duty at the White House as an aid to the President, in addition to his present duties as executive officer of the United States ship Mayflower.

For Over Sixty Years

MRS WINSLOW'S SOOTHING SYRUP has been used for children teething. It soothes the child softens the gums, allays all pain, cures wind colic, and is the best remedy for Diarrhœa Twenty-five cents a bottle.

Bilious? Feel heavy after dinner? Tongue coated? Bitter taste? Complexion sallow? Liver needs waking up. Doan's Regulets cure bilious attacks. 25 cents at any drug store.

The prison ship Southery has nearly the limit, 300 prisoners.

OAK CASTLE, K. G. E.

Installed Officers On Wednesday Evening

JOINTLY WITH COEUR DE LION CASTLE OF DOVER

A regular meeting of Oak Castle, No. 4, Knights of the Golden Eagle, was held at the lodge rooms on Wednesday, and was a triple event of unusual interst.

The semi-annual installation of officers was held jointly with Coeur de Lion Castle of Dover, the members of which were visitors and guests of the local orders.

In addition there was an initiation of six candidates, and a banquet was served at the conclusion of the affair.

The visitors were met at the local depot by the drum corps upon their their arrival by special train, and were escorted to the local Castle by the Portsmouth Knights.

The following is a list of Oak Castle's newly installed officers:

Past Chief, Frank L. Nichols;

Noble Chief, Charles E. Russel,, Jr.;

Vice Chief, J. E. Harrold;

High Priest, Charles B. Allen;

Venerable Hermit, Anton Hanson;

Keeper of Exchequer, Charles W. Hanscom;

Master of Records, Willis B. Mathes;

Clerk of Exchequer, Arthur Johnson;

Sir Herald, Arthur Gaddis;

Trustee for three years, Frank L. Nichols.

THEY BATTLE WITH POLICE

Class of Citizens Who Think That Officers of the Law Must Be Resisted.

"Much of the trouble in life in certain channels could be avoided if men, when placed under arrest, would cease to resist the officer, as it is commonly understood, or the authority of the law, as we understand it," said a headquarters detective sergeant to a Washington Star man. "There is an improvement to be noted in large cities in this respect, and one does not see the many bloody battles between peace officers and men whom it is sought to place under arrest as when I was a boy running about the streets of Washington. One reason for this is the seclusion from public observation the patrol wagon affords the arrested party. The arresting officer, however, has no recourse other than to take the person into custody. Arguments as to the merits of the matter, therefore, are worse than useless and are indeed harmful frequently to all concerned.

"I do not palliate in the least officiousness on the part of officers, and it is to be regretted that some are inclined that way. There is a class of men, however, who seem to feel that they are suffering in their self-respect if they fail to resist an officer, even though it may involve a desperate and perhaps serious fight. Of the thousands of men I have placed under arrest in the many years I have served upon the force of this city I have found that the really intelligent man, as a rule, appreciated the situation as it really exists as regards the functions of the arresting officer, and went along quietly."

NITROGEN MUST BE FREED

Inert Element Breaks Its Chains When Confined in Compounds.

When left alone to its natural functions nitrogen pursues a perfectly peaceful course, but when man succeeds in capturing it and combining it with other elements, it becomes a dire potentiality for evil, as is obvious in the recent events of the war in the far east and in the crime in the streets of Moscow.

The love of freedom, so to speak, characteristic of nitrogen, is terribly exemplified in the explosion of the bomb in which it is imprisoned and bound to other elements. On the slightest provocation—a spark, a shock, a fuse—the nitrogen suddenly expands from seemingly nothing, as regards the space it occupies, into infinity. This is in reality what happens when dynamite, lyddite or other unstable nitrocompounds explode when hurled in shells in warfare and in bombs in desperate attacks on human life.

Nitrogen, against its natural disposition, is locked up in an uncongenial space in these compounds, from which it is set free by simple means in an enormously expanded gaseous state with deadly effect, returning, in fact, to its normal peaceful mission once more. It is the analogue of the sword and the plowshare; in the nitroexplosive nitrogen is the modern engine of warfare and crime. In the free state in the atmosphere it ministers directly to the quiet and peaceful needs of plant and human life.

Live Without Drinking.

"I believe men could live without drinking," said John Lover, the zoo keeper. "There are three kinds of gazelles that never drink. Neither do the llamas of Patagonia.

"Rabbits and parrots can do without drinking for months and years.

"I have heard that drinking water is what hardens the arteries and produces old age. I have heard that the thing to do is to eat juicy fruits, like oranges and lemons and limes, quenching the thirst that way, and at the same time destroying in the system the lime that brings senility on.

"I used to think it was impossible for man to live without water. If animals can do it, though, why can't we?"—Chicago Chronicle.

ISLAND HOME OF PELICANS

Favorite Nesting Resort of the Birds in Indian River, State of Florida.

In that long, narrow lagoon on the east coast of Florida known as Indian river, writes Frank M. Chapman, in "An Intimate Study of the Pelican," in Century, there is a muddy islet three or four acres in extent. Originally it doubtless did not differ from hundreds of similar neighboring islets; but, for some reason past finding out, this islet, and this alone, forms the nesting resort, the home, of all the pelicans of the Indian river, if not, indeed, of the east coast of Florida. The brown pelican, unlike its white cousin, nests normally in low trees and bushes; and there is evidence that when the original pelican colonists landed on the islet which now bears their name, it was well grown with black and red mangroves in which the birds placed their scaffolding of sticks. Exceptionally low temperature and high water—perhaps also excessive use by the birds, which sometimes build as many as seven nests in a single mangrove—have killed tree after tree, until at preent only three serviceable trees remain. Still the birds come back, the impelling motive which prompts them to return to this particular spot being evidently stronger than that which induced them to nest in trees.

An Odd Occupation.

Collecting wild birds and animals for zoological gardens is certainly a unique occupation for a woman, yet Mrs. C. F. Latham, of Grant, Fla., seems to thoroughly enjoy it. Her home has been in that locality for 20 years, and she has had some exciting as well as interesting experiences. Not long since, after securing the specimens for an order, the number of birds was cut down, and Mrs. Latham had three big blue herons and ten white ibis which refused to leave her dooryard when liberated, and for a long time ate with the family cat and hens. Though 65 years old, Mrs. Latham lives mostly out of doors and on the water.—Pilgrim Magazine.

Authors' Two Sides.

Most of us mean to be acquainted with the great writers of the English language, at least, and it is only fair to them and to ourselves to begin our acquaintance as pleasantly as possible. For that reason it is wise to ask the advice of some older person who is fond of the author we mean to read. Often an author will have written in several differing styles. Some writings we may like; others may offend us, and prevent us from inquiring further. No author has written always well; and there is trash published under all great names. —St. Nicholas.

Don't think that piles can't be cured. Thousands of obstinate cases have been cured by Doan's Ointment. 50 cents at any drug store."

BANKRUPT'S PETITION FOR DISCHARGE.

In the matter of John F. Cummings Bankrupt. } In Bankruptcy.

To the Honorable Edgar Aldrich, Judge of the District Court of the United States for the District of New Hampshire—

John F. Cummings of Derry, in the County of Rockingham and State of New Hampshire, in said District, respectfully represents that on the 15th day of November last past, he was duly adjudged bankrupt under the acts of Congress relating to bankruptcy, that he has duly surrendered all his property and rights of property, and has fully complied with all the requirements of said acts and of the orders of the court touching his bankruptcy

WHEREFORE HE PRAYS that he may be decreed by the court to have a full discharge from all debts provable against his estate under said bankrupt acts, except such debts as are excepted by law from such discharge.

Dated this 3rd day of January, A. D. 1906.
John F. Cummings Bankrupt

Order Of Notice Thereon.

District of New Hampshire, ss.

On this 8th day of January, A. D. 1906, on reading the foregoing petition, it is—

Ordered by the Court, that a hearing be had upon the same on the 22d day of Jan., A. D. 1906, before said court, at Concord, in said District, at ten o'clock in the forenoon; and that notice thereof be published in the Portsmouth Herald, a newspaper printed in said District, and that all known creditors and other persons in interest may appear at the said time and place and show cause, if any they have, why the prayer of the said petitioner should not be granted.

And it is further ordered by the court that the clerk shall send by mail to all known creditors notices of said petition and this order, addressed to them at their place of residence as stated.

Witness, the Honorable Edgar Aldrich, judge of the said court, and the seal thereof, at Concord, in said District, on the 8th day of Jan. A. D. 1906.

BURNS P. HODGMAN, Clerk.

{ Seal of the court. }

A true copy of petition and order thereon.
Attest: BURNS P. HODGMAN, Clerk.

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against dissatisfaction by buying one of our 370 5c cigars of us. It will relieve you of worry and
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It reproduces the voices of the world's greatest singers faultlessly. Come into THE UP-TO-DATE STORE and hear the great Tenor, CARUSO, and be convinced that all talking machines are not mechanical toys ☞ *New Records every month.*

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Perfection in brewing that has not been attained by any other Brewery makes this Ale so popular.

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COMMERCIAL CLUB WHISKEY.
A Pure Beverage, Especially Adapted For Sickness. All First-class Dealers Keep It
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AGENT FOR PORTSMOUTH.

Wood Letters, Scrolls and Ornaments for Signs a Specialty.
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Picture Mouldings to Match all Papers.
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Come to Hundreds of Portsmouth People

There are Days of Dizziness,
Spells of headache, sideache, back[illegible]
[illegible] rheumatic pains
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[illegible]
[illegible] Portsmouth [illegible]
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For less money than it costs
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Splendid Rooms
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Efficient Service
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Clock and Telephone in every room.
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ELIHU PEASLEY VISITS A WASHINGTON THEATER

Me and the Congressman went to one of them air show-houses where you go up three sets of stairs and then crawl down over rows and rows of people to a place to roost and watch the folks under you.

Quite a passel of fiddlers and one thing and another swarmed out of a small door in the platform and begun scraping. A man in the middle was thrashing 'round with a stick but he couldn't seem to get 'em to pull together until near the wind up, when, I reckoned, they made about as much noise as the village band for a few minutes.

Everybody was busy seein' what the women folks had on, and they had to have powerful magnifying glasses so's to be able to see it.

Then all at once the lights went out and the band struck up with something feelin' and sweet, and one side of the house slid up into the air, leavin' an old time kitchen and a likely young gal a-peelin' potaters right in sight. I reckoned she'd be plum flustered before all us strangers; but we kept still, not breathing a word, and she never knowed we was there.

She was talkin' to herself about her gay and frisky uncle by adoption and her jealous old aunt who had sort a brought her up; when directly in comes the young farm hand with a pitchfork and a water-jug, and tells her how much he's gone on her. She 'pears to like that brand of chaff first rate, and, howsomever she throws the potater peelin' at him it's plain she's tickled to death. Bimeby he kinder sidles up to her, and when he thinks her lips is puckered up about right he deals her a rousin' smack—never noticin' us or the old uncle a-dozin' on a bench in the doorway.

This here aged party puts his foot down on all the sparkin' in his house. He leads the hired hand off by the ear and throws the jug after him. He storms at the young gal and she peels all the potaters over twict more and never says a word. Then the old sinner quiets down and reckons he might possibly overlook it this time if she'd permit him to plant another smack in the same locality. She refused and the old man cursed and raged.

I was just about to talk right out in meeting, when things got so warm they had to slide down the side of the house. Then they turned on the lights and me and the Congressman went out between the ax.

Arter a while they raised the partition again and I see a country hotel. The farm hand was there with the young gal in boy's clothes. They was runnin' away; but for some fool notion or other they didn't run worth a cent, but just hung round the tavern, and kept tellin' everybody the old uncle bein' after 'em. They let on like as if the gal was a boy that the old feller was mean to but, seems to me, any one would have knowed better; 'cause a boy don't take short steps or talk like a canary bird.

All of a suddint some one looks out the door and says the uncle's a-comin' with shot guns and bloodhounds and wants to reason with the young couple.

Wall, the runaway gal gets ready to defend herself with a rollin' pin and a broom stick. The hired hand draws out a brace of nickel plated revolvers and gives one to his sweetheart. I saw there was sure to be some shootin', and I made up my mind to get out of range.

Wall, I started to find the place I come in at in the dark, not aimin' to step on nobody's corns; but it wasn't long before I got into trouble. Somebody said, "Throw him out!" and ten times quicker than I can tell it, they hustled me over their heads to the stairway. They give me a first class start down those and I went about four steps at a time. Arter about five minutes I found I was all there, though I felt terribly mixed up in some parts.

When the Congressman come out he [illegible] it [illegible] no shootin' affair at all. I was mighty pleased [illegible] [illegible] the farm hand, [illegible] [illegible] [illegible]

[illegible]

It [illegible]

[illegible]

[illegible] the privilege of [illegible] his [illegible]

[illegible] and when [illegible] wards off his opp[illegible] lowering his head [illegible] [illegible]

The thickness of [illegible] hair and [illegible] leg to [illegible] [illegible] of the [illegible] thickness of the [illegible]

A Beheaded Photo

Lady Elder was giving the finishing touches to her young guest's skirt and telling what a round of pleasure was in store for her during her stay and elaborating on the many qualifications of a certain young man.

"Yes, Edith, you really must meet Mr. Everleigh. My husband says he's staying with the Norths at the Sycamores, and that is only three miles out, so he can easily come to dine. We will have him on Thursday."

Near Rose Court there was a farmhouse, and an old Miss M[illegible] took it one summer and came accompanied by her nephew, to enjoy the air.

Jack Milton was leaving for coffee plantations in Ceylon soon, but before he and his pretty neighbor had become very great friends. Edith remembered how one afternoon a traveling photographer had come round and photographed them as they made a group outside the Court.

She went to her desk and unlocked it and took out the photograph. The peculiarity of her own figure in the picture was that the head had been cut out. There was a little round hole left in the card. Jack had done it before he went away.

"YOU MUST MEET MR. EVERLEIGH."

He had asked for the picture, and when Edith made excuse because she wanted a remembrance of Mr. Milton he then begged to be allowed to have part of it, to which request she gave permission.

Where was the head now, she wondered, and where was Jack? He used to send her messages through Miss Milton, and then that old lady died, and the Vernons left Rose Court, so now she did not know where he was.

Nevertheless she was sure she had heard either Jack or his aunt some time or another mention Mr. Everleigh, and, if so, why, there was now a chance of hearing some interesting news.

The next day she proposed to walk to Lanton, three miles off, in the afternoon to do some shopping. It was growing dark when she returned. The butler told her, on her entrance, that tea was in the library and the gentlemen had all returned. She had just reached the door when she saw a tiny speck of white at her feet.

Knowing Lady Elder was scrupulously tidy, she stooped to pick it up—only a piece of white card. She turned it over in her hand—a face and that face her own at seventeen years old! Her heart almost stopped beating. Then the door opened and Sir John came out.

"Come in, Edith," called Lady Elder from the midst of a merry group gathered round the fire.

As she entered the young men rose. She knew three of them and only needed Mr. Everleigh and the tutor to be introduced to her.

"Miss Vernon, who is staying with me," said Lady Elder.

The tutor bowed. Mr. Everleigh was putting down his teacup but turned his head to Lady Elder [illegible]. In the meantime Edith took a seat offered to her by one of her military friends, who was trying to get up a conversation with her.

"Has anyone a [illegible]?" said Lady Elder [illegible] them [illegible] them to [illegible] [illegible]

He [illegible] and stood [illegible]. As he was [illegible] familiar [illegible] he raised [illegible] [illegible] [illegible] [illegible] then when they [illegible] [illegible] and [illegible].

"Why, you're Jack!" [illegible]

"And you're Edith!" [illegible]

[illegible]

[illegible] down beside her [illegible] [illegible] the desk, too [illegible]

[illegible] and he laughed [illegible] [illegible] to Mr. Everleigh [illegible] [illegible] [illegible] [illegible] name. He was [illegible] aunt's, you know, [illegible] But I [illegible] [illegible]

[illegible] Mr. Everleigh [illegible] [illegible] the other part of the photo [illegible] his pocketbook. Edith [illegible] had become Edith Everleigh.

Lending a Hand.

Mrs. Muggins—That man who [illegible] the church [illegible] [illegible] helping hand [illegible]

Mr. Buggins—Don't [illegible] what help he will be in getting up church fairs!—Philadelphia Record.

THE SECRET OF THE DESK

By ETHEL JAMIES[illegible] McCALLUM

The story ended, Mrs. Cameron laid aside her book and assumed a position of careless repose. A smile played about the corners of her mouth, and the whole expression of her face showed that she was a truly happy and contented wife. The merry crackle of the logs in the fireplace was a fitting accompaniment to her day-dreams. This harmony, however, was soon interrupted by a prolonged sound as of loosening boards. Quickly turning on the light, and following with her eye the direction of the noise, she discovered that her husband's writing desk, which stood close to the fireplace, was becoming disjointed. Fully understanding in this incident the philosophy of heat, she was not frightened or surprised, when a moment later, the side of the desk nearest the fire fell to the floor.

One article only dropped from the desk—a photograph. Picking it up, much to her surprise she recognized the features of her old school chum, Nellie Vincent, an orphan, residing with her aunt in a distant State.

"How came Nellie's photograph in my husband's possession?" she thought. "Can there be a secret attachment between them?"

Just then well-known steps were heard in the hall, and the troubled woman had only time to put the photograph back into the desk and smooth her ruffled hair when her husband entered the room.

"I have an appointment down town this evening," he presently said. "I am very sorry, dear, but we shall have to-morrow evening together."

"Very well, Richard. I will tell Jennie to prepare supper immediately," said Mrs. Cameron as she left the room.

Mr. Cameron in the library, soon discovered his broken desk, and at once set about repairing the damage. His movements caused the photograph to drop from its insecure position, and, glancing at it, his face flushed with annoyance.

"Nellie's picture! What if Isabel has seen it?"

Just then his wife's footsteps were heard and he hastily slipped the photograph into his pocket.

A month later she had decided upon her course of action, and at the table, one evening, she disclosed her plans to her husband.

"You see, Richard, I have not seen my sister Kate since just before we were married. That was two years now, and I should like very much to visit her. Do you think I might go—well, say by the first of next week?"

"Certainly; go by all means, dear. It will do both you and Kate a world of good to see each other again.

"Now, Isabel dear, of course I shall be a little lonely at first, but I shall soon become reconciled to my bachelor life; so make a long visit. Enjoy yourself to the fullest extent, and get a little color into that pale face of yours."

One day, after she had been away about five weeks, her husband's usual letter came. She eagerly read it, and finished with a sigh.

"Well, Isabel," said her sister, entering the room and noticing the open letter, "Richard hasn't collapsed under the maid's culinary efforts, I hope?"

"No—but, Kate dear, I must go home. Some of our well meaning but rather hasty club friends have planned for a celebration of our marriage anniversary one week from to-day, so of course I must return home not later than the day after to-morrow. That is quite a long time."

One evening a week later, the pretty parlor of the Camerons was thronged with guests. Among them moved the hostess, cordial, animated, beautiful, with a smile not less enchanting than that which had lighted her lovely face as a happy bride just two short years before. How could any one guess of the aching heart beneath the mask?

On a table in a corner of the library were arrayed a host of gifts of which Mrs. Cameron had seemed oblivious.

Her eye caught sight of a framed picture, which she curiously lifted to the light. She uttered a low exclamation, for again she was looking into the eyes of the girl who had ruined her home.

"Don't you like the crayon, Isabel? I thought it was a very good copy of Nellie's photograph taken for you especially. She will be disappointed if it fails to please you, for she sent it to me with the express wish that none but the best artist in the city should copy it."

The guests, the presents, even Nellie Vincent's picture, were forgotten for the moment. Two great tears shone in Isabel's eyes, and throwing her arms about her husband's neck she kissed him impulsively, much to his surprise and rather to his confusion, for his proud wife was not apt to be demonstrative before the public.

Asked and Answered.

The Maid—What is love?

The Bachelor—Love is the prelude to matrimony.

The Maid—And what is matrimony?

The Bachelor—The prelude to alimony.

The Tantalus of the Fire

I must confess I stood at the door with some trepidation. I had not seen Muriel for a year; she had been abroad. Once, indeed, I had heard from her when there came a gift a week after Christmas with her card: "Please accept—even though I am a little late"—if Muriel had only been speaking of—ah! Muriel—Muriel!

I a scribbler, she—ah! who would give the girl he loves economy for luxury, but perhaps I hoped. Perhaps I should write a novel, the great phantasmic novel—and perhaps platonics would prove the entrance way to love.

Perhaps—perhaps! And that was why I stood there in trepidation—a year is a long time.

In the library I sat by the fire. The snapping flames builded a palace of dreams—the Riviera with blue skies, the green of the grass, the gold of the sunshine, the song of the birds, the soft strings of a mandolin, our villa!

And Muriel, dainty, fragile, innocent, brilliant, a rose, soft perfumed, splendid, God's handiwork, leaning over my shoulder reading the great novel; surely, a palace of dreams—Tantalus of the Fire.

She put her slim hand in mine.

"Jarvis it's good to see you."

"I am still the same Jarvis—dear, I hope. And are you still the same Muriel?"

"Yes," she said, very softly, "except that I am the happiest girl in the world. Oh! Jarvis, you shall know first of all—I'm engaged!"

"Engaged?" I asked, quietly, so quietly that I wonder now.

The Tantalus of the Fire smiled as I leaned forward grasping the vanishing Muriel. A log snapped, the blaze died away. Something in me snapped, too—the fire of my life went out.

"Oh! Jarvis, wish me happiness," she begged almost sadly.

"Happiness!" I said. "I wish you the greatest happiness in the world. We have been such friends, such comrades, that gladly I pray you may have entrance to the land of the Heart's Desire, to keep you, to guard you, to save you from sadness and sorrow."

"Jack's a dear. I have told him about you; he wants to know you; he's upstairs; shall I bring him down?"

"No," I said, "if you don't mind we'll postpone that. I'm just in town for an hour, and I must rush in a moment to catch my train; it goes at 5."

"Oh! I'm sorry; can't you stay with us for a time at least; you can chum with Jack."

"I fear not."

"I'm sure you'll like him," she concluded.

"When I'm married," she said, timidly almost, "you must come and spend a month with us."

How could I? How could I not? Then suddenly the clock began to chime—one-two-three-four-five.

"Oh! you've missed your train," she said.

"There was no train," I said—Heaven forgive me.

"Then you don't want to meet him?" she asked, all sad.

"I could not yet. Good-by!" I said quickly, and I took her hand and kissed it, gently, very, very gently.

She drew back half frightened

"Oh! Jarvis, how could you?"

"How could I not?" I said, brokenly; "but, Muriel, dear, I shall be your friend always—always. I pledge you Godspeed for your future. Forget me, forget that I loved you, because it is my sorrow deep down in my heart that I was not strong enough to be strong."

"Forget you!" she said, and there were tears in her eyes. "Forget my Jarvis, my best friend, the best friend a woman ever had, faithful, honest, strong, true, always unselfish—forget my Jarvis!" and she leaned forward and kissed me on the forehead.

As I walked away I looked back and saw the tears sparkling in her eyes. And the memory of her was so strong upon me that I bowed my head and sobbed and sobbed.

* * * * *

The great novel is still unwritten, Muriel is still dainty, fragile, innocent and Jack is a splendid man. I see them both a good deal, and Muriel still calls me dear Jarvis.

I have given up smoking and I have not been to the theater for many a day, but at least little Muriel and little Jarvis have all manner of wonderful toys and love their Uncle Jarvis.

They climb on my knee and ask me to tell them of my wonderful palace across the sea. And I tell them of the Riviera with blue skies, blue seas, the green grass, the gold of the sunshine, the song of the birds, the soft tremolo of a mandolin, my villa with a lady—dainty, fragile, innocent, brilliant, a rose, soft perfumed, splendid, leaning over my shoulder reading Uncle Jarvis's great novel. Ah! the Tantalus of the Fire.—R. C. M., in Illustrated Bits.

Thinnest Breastplate.

Probably the thinnest and lightest breastplate ever invented has just been brought to the attention of the Italian military authorities by Dr. Guerrazzi of Pisa, where tests have been made by army experts. It protects the whole front against hand weapons or bullets, and is less than one-eighth of an inch thick. It can be worn under ordinary clothing without causing any observation.

Only two and three-fifths children now to every American family, and the American family still figuring to cancel the fraction.

SAILING OF THE LEDA

By Victor Lauriston.

In an hour more the Leda would sail. Walter Dumont, puffing at his cigar, mused on all that this meant to him. Six weeks had passed by since he first met Estelle. Six weeks! And what had she not become to him in those six weeks and now, this morning, their farewell. Estelle would go with Mrs. Lascelles, the stately, freezing chaperone. This morning the Leda was to sail; and they sailed on the Leda.

Then he must go back to the broad West, to his business, and she to England, to play the lady on the estates of her tyrannous old stepfather, the baronet. In time she would inevitably forget him. Could he inevitably forget her? But what a distance there was between the daughter—even the step-daughter—of the English baronet, and the young colonial merchant!

He threw away his cigar, and strolled down toward the wharf. There he was to meet her once more, at the last moment, to say good by.

He stood with his hat in his hand, and his hands behind his back, looking about.

Huge, black, imposing, the ocean liner lay at her moorings. The wharf was crowded with people, passengers, stevedores, porters. His keen eye took it all in at a glance; and in a distant, deserted corner, amid innumerable parcels, a gray traveling dress that meant—Estelle.

"Mrs. Lascelles is terribly nervous," she said. "I have her quite worked up with the fear of being left behind, and she has gone on board, and daren't set foot again on the wharf. I promised to stay here and see that John didn't forget any of the hundred and one souvenirs of Quebec and the Thousand Islands. He will be back soon for the parcels—and for me!"

"MRS. LASCELLES IS VERY NERVOUS."

"We have a good while yet," he said. "Let us walk up to the park.

"What would you do if you were to miss the Leda?"

She shuddered.

"Mrs. Lascelles is on board, and she has all the money—and daren't set foot on the wharf to save her life—and I am alone here, where I know no one, where no one knows me! What could I do?" She laughed nervously.

"You would have to marry me!" he said boldly.

"What would papa say?" she whispered, in a frightened voice.

"Would he care?" Walton rejoined sharply. "You are of age, free to choose. Do so! I am here! There is the Leda. Choose. If you love me you will miss the Leda."

She drew back, frightened. He released her hand.

"Oh, see how far we have gone!" she cried, glancing away down the long path to the wharf. "I can't get there in time. No, no! Don't come with me. I'll run. Good by—"

She ran down the walk toward where the liner lay waiting. Dumont crushed his hat over his eyes, clasped his hands behind him, and gazed moodily after her. She had been free to choose. She had chosen. She was going with the Leda.

He paced slowly across the park, down toward the busy street. A little summerhouse lay close by his path. It was in a quiet corner, usually little frequented; yet he, returning from where he had stood, could not have missed it. He glanced through the veil of green foliage, and caught a glimpse of something gray. He heard a soft sound of sobbing. He stepped across the threshold. Blue eyes looked up at him from a tear-stained face.

"Estelle!" he cried.

"I ran as fast I could, but I missed it. I couldn't help it. I'm so sorry—"

"I'm glad!" and he laughed. "You know what it means. Old Mrs. Lascelles—"

"John was waiting and I sent her a note by him," she replied innocently, then caught her breath.

He stared at her, dumbly amazed at this revelation of feminine logic and feminine duplicity. But he said nothing. It was enough for him to know that she was willing to pay the penalty prescribed for missing the Leda.

"A man," said the young widow, "usually marries a woman because he loves her."

"And a woman," rejoined the old bachelor, "usually marries a man because he asks her."

The Atonement

Remington tossed his cigar stub into the grate, and lighted a cigarette.

"I don't know why I am telling you all this," he observed—"I was always one to contend against confidences."

He looked at me in a half-quizzical, half-tentative way, as though unconsciously pleading for encouragement.

I waited a second before I spoke.

"And I am at a loss to understand why you haven't told me before, considering what good friends we've always been."

I regarded him almost hopelessly. I had never seen a fellow change so. Up to the time of his marriage, five or six years before, he was the jolliest, most open-hearted, ingenious boy I had ever known. The wedding took place in Ireland, and to an Irish girl. She was reputed to be beautiful, and as good as she was beautiful. They lived together just three months. After the separation Remington was never the same.

No one ever knew the real cause of the rupture. Neither vouchsafed any explanation, and the public was too wise, for once, to invent one.

When he came back home everything he said to me was:

"Don't ask me any questions, Tom, I loved her—and I'm a broken-hearted man."

To-day for the first time he had given me his confidence.

"She was young—very young. I didn't give her a chance—not even half a chance. I don't believe she was guilty, after all!" he broke out suddenly.

I looked at him closely. The expression on his face showed me that he had suffered, and would continue to suffer as few men do.

"I can almost believe that you are still in love with the woman," I reflected, after a silence.

Remington, too, was silent for a time.

"At least," he remarked finally, "I shall never care for any other."

"Yet you divorced her," I observed, curiously.

"My entire course was marked out by impulse—fierce, passionate. Had I loved her less, things might have been different."

As he spoke, he pulled out his watch, and started with a little gesture of surprise.

"You mustn't think of leaving without seeing my wife," I objected, laying a protesting hand on his arms. "I want you to meet her; I want you to see what admirable taste I have in selecting a companion. "We've been married just one year, and I think I can truthfully say that she has proven my ideal of a perfect woman."

Remington smiled and passed a reflective hand across his forehead.

We smoked away in silence for several minutes, and presently the door opened and my wife softly entered the room.

She wore a dinner gown of pretty pale yellow stuff that fell about her in graceful scallops and made a faint musical swish as she moved.

As she came further into the light toward us, Remington stood up and acknowledged my introduction with a low bow. When he lifted his face it was the color of ashes, and the man seemed to have aged ten years, in the ghostly glare of the fire.

"I DID NOT GIVE HER A CHANCE"

My wife had left the room to give some order about the dinner, and Remington turned to me with an abrupt excuse for leaving.

"You will make my apologies to your wife, old man? I'm positively ill too ill to keep up much longer. Fact is, I've been feeling knocked out all day, and wouldn't give in. When I feel better, I shall be glad to drop in on you both at some future time.

Several months after leaving London, Remington wrote the following letter:

"Dear Old Tom—I do not need to remind you of the conversation we had on that last night at your house. Do you remember all I told you about her? You will recall that I was more than half inclined to condemn my own action all the way through. Well, since then certain facts have come to my knowledge establishing her complete innocence beyond the question of a doubt.

"God! how I've suffered! But it is too late now for me to make any reparation. She is married again—married to one of the finest fellows I know.

"If you should ever chance to run across her, I want you to remember that she is innocent.

"Sincerely yours,
"Remington."

"And my wife, with her pretty Irish brogue, says she pities my friend, Remington.—N. C. R., in Illustrated Bits.

BOSTON & MAINE R. R

WINTER ARRANGEMENT.

In Effect Oct. 9, 1905.

EASTERN DIVISION.

Trains Leave Portsmouth

For Boston—3.25, 7.20, 8.15, 10.53 a. m., 2.21, 5.00, 7.28 p. m. Sunday 3.25, 8.00 a. m., 2.21, 5.00 p. m.

For Portland—9.55, 10.45 a. m., 2.55, *5.22, 8.45, 11.35 p. m. Sunday *10.05, 10.45 a. m., 8.45, 11.35 p. m.

For Wells Beach—9.55 a. m., 2.55, *5.22 p. m. Sunday 10.05 a. m.

For Old Orchard and Portland—9.55 a. m., 2.55, *5.22 p. m. Sunday 10.05 a. m.

For North Conway—9.55 a. m., 2.55 p. m.

For Somersworth—*4.50, *9.45, 9.55 a. m., *2.40, 2.55, *5.22, 5.30 p. m.

For Rochester—*9.45, 9.55 a. m., *[illegible], 2.55, *5.22, 5.30 p. m.

For Dover—4.50, 9.45, 12.15 a. m., 2.50, 5.22, 8.47 p. m. Sunday, 10.05, 10.48 a. m., 8.47 p. m.

For North Hampton and Hampton—7.20, 8.15, 10.53 a. m., 5.00 p. m. Sunday, 8.00 a. m., 5.00 p. m.

For Greenland—7.20, 8.15, 10.53 a. m., 5.00 p. m. Sunday 8.00 a. m., 5.00 p. m.

Trains For Portsmouth

Leave Boston—7.30, 9.00, 10.10 a. m., 1.00, 3.30, 4.45, 7.00, 10.00 p. m. Sunday 4.00, 8.20, 9.00 a. m., 6.30, 7.00, 10.00 p. m.

Leave Portland—1.30, 9.00 a. m., 12.45, 6.00 p. m. Sunday 1.30 a. m., 12.45, *5.40 p. m.

Leave Old Orchard—9.09 a. m., 12.45, *3.54, *6.32 p. m. Sunday *6.06 p. m.

Leave North Conway—7.38 a. m., 4.07 p. m.

Leave Rochester—7.20, 9.47 a. m., 3.52, 6.11 p. m.

Leave Somersworth—6.35, 7.23, 10.00 a. m., 4.05, 6.21 p. m.

Leave Dover—6.50, 10.25 a. m., 1.40 4.30, 6.30, 9.20 p. m. Sunday 7.30 a. m., 9.20 p. m.

Leave Hampton—9.22, 11.50 a. m., 2.24, 4.59, 6.16 p. m. Sunday 6.10, 10.06 a. m., 7.59 p. m.

Leave North Hampton—9.28, 11.55 a. m., 2.30 5.05, 6.21 p. m. Sunday, 6.15, 10.12 a. m., 8.05 p. m.

Leave Greenland—9.35 a. m., 12.01, 2.36, 5.11, 6.27 p. m. Sunday, 6.20, 10.18 a. m., 8.20 p. m.

SOUTHERN DIVISION.

Portsmouth Branch.

Trains leave the following stations for Manchester, Concord and intermediate stations:

Portsmouth—8.30 a. m., 12.40, 5.25 p. m.

Greenland Village—8.39 a. m., 12.48, 5.33 p. m.

Rockingham Junction—9.05 a. m., 1.02, 5.58 p. m.

Epping—9.20 a. m., 1.16, 6.14 p. m.

Raymond—9.30 a. m., 1.27, 6.25 p. m.

Returning leave

Concord—7.45, 10.25 a. m., 3.30 p. m.

Manchester—8.32, 11.10 a. m., 4.20 p. m.

Raymond—9.08, 11.48 a. m., 5.02 p. m.

Epping—9.20 a. m., 12.00 m., 5.15 p. m.

Rockingham Junction—9.47 a. m., 12.16, 5.55 p. m.

Greenland Village—10.01 a. m., 12.29 6.08 p. m.

Trains connect at Rockingham Junction for Exeter, Haverhill, Lawrence and Boston. Trains connect at Manchester and Concord for Plymouth, Woodsville, Lancaster, St. Johnsbury, Newport, Vt., Montreal and the west.

*Via Dover and Western Division. Information Given, Through Tickets Sold and Baggage Checked to All Points at the Station.

J. E. SHAW, Ticket Agent.
D. J. FLANDERS G. P. and T. A.

S. G.
LONDRES
10 Cent Cigar
Has No Equal.
S. GRYZMISH,
MANUFACTURER

Portsmouth Electric Railway.

Time-Table In Effect Daily, Commencing Sept. 11, 1905.

Main Line.

Leave Market Square for Rye Beach and Little Boar's Head at *7.05 a. m., and hourly until 7.05 p. m. For Cable Road only at **5.30 a. m., *6.50 a. m., and *10.05 p. m. For Little Boar's Head only at 8.05 p. m. and 9.05 p. m. The 10.05 a. m., 1.05 p. m., 4.05, 5.05, 7.05 8.05 and 9.05 p. m. cars make close connection for North Hampton. On Theatre Nights *10.05 p. m. car waits until close of performance.

Returning—Leave Junction with E. H. & A. St. Ry. at *8.05 a. m. and hourly until 8.05 p. m.

Leave Cable Road **6.10 a. m., *7.30 a. m. and *10.40 p. m. Leave Little Boar's Head 9.10 p. m. and 10.10 p. m. Leave Sagamore Hill, Sundays only, for Market Sq. at 10.23 a. m.

Plains Loop.

Up Middle Street and up Islington street—Leave Market Square at **6.35 a. m., *7.05 a. m., and half hourly until 10.05 p. m., and at *10.35 and ||11.05 p. m. Up Middle street only at 10.35 p. m. Sundays.

Last cars each night run to car bar only.

Running time to Plains, 13 minutes

Christian Shore Loop.

Up Islington Street and Down Market Street—Leave Market Square at **6.35 a. m. *7.05 a. m. and half hourly until 10.05 p. m., and at *10.35 and ||11.05 p. m.

Running time from Market Square to B. & M. Station is, up Islington street, 16 minutes; and down Market street, 4 minutes.

Last cars at night run to car bar only.

North Hampton Line—Week Days.

Leave North Hampton Station for Little Boar's Head, Rye Beach and Cable Road at 7.30 a. m., 8.30 9.30, x11.00, x11.55 a. m., 2.20 p. m., x5.05 and 6.25 p. m. Connecting with 7.28 a. m., 10.58, 11.5 a. m., 2.10 p. m., 5.03 and 6.21 p. m. trains from Boston.

Returning—Leave Portsmouth at 6. a. m.

Leave Cable Road 7.00 a. m., 8.00 9.00, 10.30, 11.30 a. m., 12.30 p. m., 3.00, 5.45, 7.05 p. m. Connecting with 7.41 a. m., 8.30, 11.19 a. m. and 2.35 p. m. trains for Boston.

Leave North Hampton Station for Little Boar's Head only x1.00 p. m., x4.00, 4.30, 7.35, x8.02, x9.02 and x10.02 p. m.

Returning—Leave Little Boar's Head at 1.55 p. m., 4.15, 4.45, 7.50, 8.50 and 9.50 p. m.

Sundays.

Leave North Hampton Station for Little Boar's Head only 9.00 a. m. and hourly until 10.00 p. m.

Returning—Leave Little Boar's Head at 8.45 a. m. and hourly until 9.45 p. m.

All trips on Sundays connect with Main Line cars at Little Boar's Head.

*Omitted Sundays.

**Omitted Sundays and Holidays.

xMake close connections for Portsmouth.

||Saturdays only.

D. J. FLANDERS,
Gen'l Pass'r and Ticket Agent
WINSLOW T. PERKINS,
Superintendent.

U. S. Navy Yard Ferry

TIME TABLE.

October 1 Until March 31.

Leaves Navy Yard—8.20, 8.40, 9.15 10.00, 10.30, 11.15, 11.45 a. m.; 1.35, 2.00, 3.00, 4.00, 4.35, 5.00, 5.50, *7.45 p. m. Sundays, 10.00, 10.15 a. m.; 12.15, 12.35 p. m. Holidays, 9.30, 10.30, 11.30 a. m.

Leaves Portsmouth—8.30, 8.50, 9.30, 10.15, 11.00, 11.30 a. m.; 12.15, 1.45, 2.30, 3.30, 4.23, 4.45, 5.50, 6.00, *10.00 p. m. Sundays, 10.07 a. m.; 12.05, 12.25, 12.45 p. m. Holidays, 10.00, 11.00 a. m.; 12.00 m.

*Wednesdays and Saturdays.

PERRY GARST,
Captain, U. S. N., Captain of the Yard
Approved: W. W. MEAD,
Captain, U. S. N., Commandant.

Decorations for Weddings
—AND—
Flowers Furnished For All Occasions.
FUNERAL DESIGNS A SPECIALTY.
CAFSTICK'S, ROGERS STREET.

TIME TABLE

Portsmouth, Dover & York St. Ry.

In Effect Sept 18, 1905.

Ferry leaves Portsmouth, connecting with cars:

For Eliot, Dover and South Berwick—6.55 a. m. and hourly until 9.55 p. m. Sundays—First trip at 7.55 a. m.

For Kittery and Kittery Point—6.25 6.55 a. m. and half hourly until 10.55 p. m. Sundays—First trip at 7.55 a. m.

For York Village, York Harbor and York Beach, via P. K. & Y. Div.—6.55 a. m., and every two hours until 4.55 p. m. Sundays—First trip at 8.55 a. m.

For York Village, York Harbor and York Beach, via Eliot and Rosemary—7.55 a. m., and every two hours until 9.55 p. m. Sundays—First trip at 7.55 a. m.

Cars leave Dover:

For York Beach—8.05 a. m. and every two hours until 10.05 p. m. Sundays—First trip at 8.05 a. m.

For Portsmouth Eliot and Kittery—6.05 a. m. and hourly until 10.05 p. m. Sundays—First trip at 8.05 a. m.

For Salmon Falls Bridge, South Berwick—6.30 a. m. and hourly until 10.30 p. m. Sundays—First trip at 8.30 a. m.

Leave Salmon Falls Bridge, South Berwick:

For Dover and Portsmouth—6.00 a. m. and hourly to 10.00 p. m. Sundays—First trip at 8.00 a. m.

For York—8.00 a. m. and every two hours until 10.00 p. m. Sundays—First trip at 8.00 a. m.

Leave York Beach:

For Dover and Salmon Falls Bridge, South Berwick—7.30, 9.30 a. m. and every two hours until 9.30 p. m. Sundays—First trip at 9.30 a. m.

For Portsmouth, via P. K. & Y. Div.—5.45, 6.30, 8.30 a. m. and every two hours until 4.30 p. m. Sundays—First trip at 8.30 a. m.

For Portsmouth, via Rosemary and Eliot—7.30, 9.30 a. m. and every two hours until 9.30 p. m. Sundays—First trip at 9.30 a. m.

Leave Sea Point:

For Portsmouth—6.00 a. m. and half hourly until 10.30 p. m. Sundays—First trip at 7.30 a. m.

Leave Rosemary Cottage:

For Portsmouth and Kittery—6.00, 6.30, 7.30 a. m. and hourly until 10.30 p. m. Sundays—First trip at 8.30 a. m.

Close connections can be made between Dover and York Beach via Eliot, Kittery and Kittery Point.

W. G. MELOON, Gen. Mgr.
Tel. Call—41-2, Portsmouth.

Daily Arrivals
—OF—
COAL
ENSURE THE BEST RESULTS.
HAVE THE LARGEST SUPPLY OF THE BEST.
Arthur W. Walker,
137 Market St.

BUY THE BEST
Lime and Cement
500 Barrels Atlas Portland Cement
500 " " Rosendale
500 " Best Quality Extra Wood
Burnt Lump Lime, For Sale By
JOHN H. BROUGHTON,
68 DANIEL ST.

Cemetery Lots
Cared For and Turfing Done.

With increased facilities the subscriber is again prepared to take charge of and keep in order such lots in any of the cemeteries of the city as may be intrusted to his care. He will also give careful attention to the turfing and grading of them, also to the cleaning of monuments and headstones, and the removal of bodies. In addition to work at the cemeteries he will do turfing and grading in the city at short notice.

Cemetery lots for sale, also Loam and Turf. Orders left at his residence, corner of Richards Avenue and South Street, or by mail, or with Oliver W. Ham, 61 Market St., will receive prompt attention.

M. J. GRIFFIN

A BLACK EYE.

AGONY OF THE INNOCENT MAN WHO GETS ONE.

Is there any agony equal to that of the sober, God-fearing man who has had an eye accidentally blackened and who is obliged to go to business while the changes are rung in the discoloration—from black to purple, from purple to saffron and from saffron to mud color?

A man of this kind was turning a corner in Park avenue recently when a block of wood driven by a shinny in the hands of a schoolboy struck him just beneath the left eye. Within an hour the skin all around the eye was puffed and black.

When the man entered his home his wife did not rush for remedies to relieve him. She just clasped her hands stared at him and murmured:

"Good Lord!"

He has never been able to understand why he blushed, but he did blush and stammered:

"I—I was struck by a shinny—a—I——"

"Struck by a—ha, ha, ha!" his wife laughed shrilly. "You don't tell me. Struck by a—ha, ha, ha! Is a shinny ball like the high balls that men talk about? Struck by a—ha, ha, ha!"—and she went off into hysterics.

The next day the man went to his office. As he stepped into the elevator the man at the lever grinned cordially and remarked in a consoling tone:

"I had a worse one than that when a fellow punched me in front of Tammany hall on election night."

When the man entered his office six of his associates were at their desks. He did not wait for them to discover him one by one, but, walking boldly to the middle of the room, he said, defiantly: "Good morning, how are you?" Then to clinch the matter, he added, after the manner of Mr. Toots: "I am well, how are you?"

The six associates looked up at him, looked at one another, chuckled fiendishly and made answer as follows:

No. 1.—You remember I asked you to join me in boxing lessons, but you wouldn't. Every man should learn how to save his face, even if he does teach in a Sunday school.

No. 2.—Never Argue with a lamppost, John.

No. 3.—It's funny how some men get quarrelsome when they take a drop too much. It always makes me merry.

No. 4.—You ought to have countered with your left.

No. 5.—Let John alone. He doesn't go in for it often, but when he does, he's a hummer.

No. 6.—Well, every man has got to let himself loose once in awhile. If he didn't, something in him would burst.

When luncheon time arrived the man approached the head office boy timidly and said:

"I don't feel like going out just now. I—please go out and get some lunch for me."

The boy nodded confidentially, and said: "All right; I understand," and, when the man's back was turned, gave a brief sparring exhibition, ending with an imitation knockout blow, all of which delighted the pretty typewriter.

At five p. m. the man, who had always hitherto carried his head high, slunk out of the office, glanced furtively in all directions. He took a roundabout way to the elevated station and peered at all the persons in a car before he entered it.

When he reached his block it was dark and he drew a long sigh of relief. But he had not escaped for the day. At his door he met the janitor, who looked him over magisterially and asked:

"Do you know who was making all that noise in the hall about three o'clock this morning? Several tenants have been complaining."

"I don't know anything about it. I was in bed at ten o'clock," cried the man desperately, as he started for his apartment on the second floor.

Just at the head of the stairs he ran into a pretty young woman who started back, gazed at him and began to shriek. As he entered his flat, he heard her saying to the janitor:

"It was some drunken brawler."

That night the man wrote to his chief saying that he must take a week off, even if he should lose his place by doing so. He spent nearly all his waking time during the week before a mirror, watching the rainbow hues chase one another about that eye and wondering why a man with a blackened eye should be tortured with all sorts of cruel jests while he would have the sympathy of his friends if an accident had happened to his ear or his nose or his mouth, or any other part of his body.—N. Y. Sun.

Buried in Glass Coffins.

The glass coffin in which Tamagno the great singer, was buried recently was not the first which has inclosed a curious character. There was a miserly Sir Thomas Brancroft, who in old London days heaped up great riches. Even when his time came to die he could not bring himself to give his property away, and so he left his estate to be improved until he should rise again, which he expected shortly to do. He had a window built in his coffin, movable from the interior, and windows and a glazed door to his tomb and ordered that at frequent intervals these should be opened and himself inspected by the trustees. But the latter had had enough of the man. They built almshouses with his estate.

Brutal Dealer.

"And you call this chair antique? Why, it isn't any older than I am!"

"Well, ma'am, that may be; but it's antique, all right."—Houston Post.

A DULCET SERENADE.

During this season of moonlit evenings and soulful serenades it is consoling sometimes to turn to Charles Dickens and by reading know that others in the bygone years have been put through such tortures. A description counts for anything one can easily imagine that the quartette which serenaded the "young lady next door" last night was composed of the same young men who poured out their seething souls in melody and song under the window of the Misses Pecksniff on the eve of their departure from Mrs. Todgers'. Truly Dickens has written for all ages particularly for the serenading age. Listen to these "dulcet strains breaking in upon the silent watches of the night."

It was affecting very. Nothing more dismal could have been desired by the most fastidious taste. The gentleman of a vocal turn was head mute or chief mourner; Jinkins took the bass and the rest took anything they could get. The youngest gentleman blew his melancholy into a flute. He didn't blow much out of it, but that was all the better. If the two Miss Pecksniffs and Mrs Todgers had perished by spontaneous combustion, and the serenade had been in honor of their ashes it would have been impossible to surpass the unutterable despair expressed in that one chorus: "Go where glory waits thee." It was a requiem, a dirge, a moan, a howl, a wail, a lament; an abstract of everything that is sorrowful and hideous in sound. The flute of the youngest gentleman was wild and fitful. It came and went in gusts, like the wind. For a long time together he seemed to have left off, and when it was quite settled by Mrs. Todgers and the young ladies, that, overcome by his feelings, he had retired in tears, he unexpectedly turned up again at the very top of the tune, gasping for breath. He was a tremendous performer. There was no knowing where to have him and exactly when you thought he was doing nothing at all then he was doing the very thing that ought to astonish you most.

There were several of these concerted pieces; perhaps two or three too many, though that, as Mrs. Todgers said, was a fault on the right side. But even then, even at that solemn moment, when the thrilling sounds may be presumed to have penetrated into the very depths of his nature, if he had any depths, Jinkins couldn't leave the youngest gentleman alone. He asked him distinctly, before the second song began—as a personal favor, too, mark the villain in that—not to play. Yes, he said so; not to play. The breathing of the youngest gentleman was heard through the keyhole of the door. He didn't play. What vent was a flute for the passions swelling up within his breast? A trombone would have been a world too mild.

The serenade approached its close. Its crowning interest was at hand. The gentleman of a literary turn had written a song on the departure of the ladies, and adapted it to an old tune. They all joined, except the youngest gentleman in company, who, for the reasons aforesaid, maintained a fearful silence. The song (which was of a classical nature), invoked the oracle of Apollo, and demanded to know what would become of Todgers' when Charity and Mercy were banished from its walls. The oracle delivered no opinion particularly worth remembering, according to the not infrequent practices of oracles from the earliest ages down to the present time. In the absence of enlightenment on that subject, the strain deserted it, and went on to show that the Miss Pecksniffs were nearly related to Rule Britannia, and that if Great Britain hadn't been an island there could have been no Miss Pecksniffs. And being now on a nautical tack, it closed with this verse:

"All hail to the vessel of Pecksniff the sire
And favoring breezes to fan;
While Tritons flock round it, and proudly admire
The architect, artist and man."

As they presented this beautiful picture to the imagination, the gentlemen gradually withdrew to give the music the effect of distance; and so it died away, and Todgers' was left to its repose.—Kansas City Star.

LATEST IDEA IN WARFARE.

Smoke Bombs to Be Used for the Purpose of Confusing Ship Crews.

In his story "The Fight of the Nixon II.," in the Technical World Magazine, William R. Stewart conceives the idea of firing bombs of muriate of ammonia to blind and burn the enemy. This is the way one of the characters in the story tells of it:

"We forged ahead to get closer to the enemy, and did not pay much attention to the long range shot or two which the Japanese chanced at random, even when one shell struck not a hundred yards away. That gave us an idea of the distance, though, and soon afterward came the command from Miller: 'Ready there with the smoke bombs. A mile and a quarter. Let go one!'

"Out into the night shot the gas-laden projectile, but it fell short of its mark, plunging impotently into the sea away this side. A volley from the battleship greeted this disclosure of our position.

"'Ready with another bomb. Fire!'

"Clarke at the gun did his work better this time. A dense volume of opaque vapor was seen to spread itself about the forward end of the battleship, through which the rays from the searchlight peered dimly like a full moon through a mist. It was the muriate of ammonia formed by the combination of the acid and the ammonia when the bomb burst. Mixing with the moisture of the air the fumes of concentrated sulphuric acid were blinding and stinging all who might be within their reach."

A CRAFTY WIDOW.

HOW SHE GOT THE BEST OF A REAL ESTATE MAN.

"I had rather deal with a male tenant any old time," remarked a former real estate man the other day. Now that he has attained a higher position the spirit has moved him to relate how once a woman "got the best of him."

"I was sitting in my office one morning," he began, "when Mrs. B—, a pretty widow, who occupied a rather pretentious apartment on the North Side, called on me. Her lease was about to expire, and having become used to the methods of those who visited me to 'arrange' matters for the coming year, I awaited her probable demands for innumerable and expensive repairs with trepidation born of previous experience.

"'Mr. F—,' she cooed, 'I want to stay in that apartment for at least two years more.'

"'Very glad, I'm sure,' I answered, fingering all the while a letter from a wealthy bachelor—the best kind of tenant—applying for the same flat on a five years' lease, 'in case the present tenant does not care to remain.'

"'But,' she went on, 'I shall have to have a lot of repairs.' This remark was extremely unnecessary, for I knew that the moment she swept into the office. But the building needed considerable overhauling throughout, and I therefore confined my efforts to reducing it to the smallest possible measure of dollars and cents. I told her to make a list of repairs she wanted adding that I would look it over, grant as many as possible, and have her lease ready within a week.

"The next day, inclosed in a scented note, I received her demands, tabulated, and listing repairs for her apartment alone that would cost as much as an eight-room cottage. I drew my pencil through all that I knew my bachelor applicant would not ask for, and awaited her coming. A day or two later she came again. I handed over a list of the repairs that I believed to be necessary and prepared for the onslaught of indignant protest.

"'Oh, I'm so glad you will paper that front bedroom at least,' was her only comment. 'Give me the lease, please, and I'll sign it.'

"A month later the repairs had been finished, and I was filling out a voucher to include in my report to the heir when I received a telephone message from Mrs. B—. 'I want to see you right away,' she said over the wire. With many forebodings I went out here early in the afternoon.

"When I arrived she led me directly to the rear of the apartment, to a little room we call 'a maid's bedroom.'

"'Mr. F—, you must repaper this room,' she demanded.

"'But, madam,' I deprecated, 'this was not included in the repairs which you asked for.'

"'Well, I don't see what difference a few dollars makes to the McConnell estate,' she pouted. 'Why, it's the richest in the city.'

"After a fruitless attempt to reason with her I left, receiving this parting threat:

"'Remember, Mr. F—, that room is going to be papered, and the McConnell estate is going to pay it, too.'

"A week later I received notice from Mrs. B— that there was sewer gas at large in her flat. I sent up one of my clerks and he reported that his nose could detect nothing of the sort. Another week passed and I was again notified that there was sewer gas in the house. This time I sent up one of the plumbers employed by the estate to make a 'peppermint test,' the surest method of detecting the presence of sewer gas. He reported the same as the clerk. Another week and the same complaint came in. Again the plumber made his test without result.

"Just at this time I heard that Mrs. B—'s daughter had been seized with typhoid fever. The fates never worked so hard against me. But for a long time, perhaps five or six weeks, I heard no more about sewer gas, except for a health department notice, based on a complaint made by Mrs. B— to the health authorities, which I ignored.

"Then I heard from a firm of lawyers. They had been retained by Mrs B—, they informed me, to bring suit for damages against the McConnell estate, to recover for the injury wrought to the constitution of her daughter and her own pocketbook by reason of said daughter's serious illness with typhoid fever, said illness having been caused by the extremely unsanitary condition of the apartment. They had the testimony of the physician, the trained nurse and other persons, they informed me, and expressed the hope that I might see fit to accede to a settlement that would cover the doctor's bill, the nurse's bill, and their own fees, which would come in all to about $450. I reflected at that moment that it would cost about $6 to paper that infernal 'blue room,' and with that thought in mind I hied to Mrs B—'s apartment.

"She received me pleasantly enough and I came right down to business.

"'Mrs. B—,' I said, 'you want that blue room papered, don't you?'

"'Yes, Mr. F—,' she replied, with an innocent smile that made me pity old Adam. 'But about that suit,' she added, quickly. 'You must at least pay the salary of the nurse who attended my daughter.'

"Well, to make a long story at least a little shorter, I avoided that suit at the cost of something like $75 to the McConnell estate, and the loss of a large amount of confidence in my diplomatic ability. That blooming daughter had been ill with a case of delayed measles. No, sir! You can't beat a woman, especially a widow, and my advice to anyone is not to try it."—Chicago Record-Herald

THE MAN WHO WAS FOND OF MUSIC.

"[illegible]" said Washington Hancock to the [illegible] voluminous woolen [illegible] who had approached the [illegible] a jewsharp, "ask [illegible] you don't have a [illegible]."

"[illegible]," said the boy.

"[illegible] the same thing to your [illegible]," said Hancock. "Fasten it good [illegible] can take the leg [illegible]."

"[illegible] like music," observed Sol [illegible] Parsons with a [illegible] makes him play [illegible]."

"[illegible] spoils an' [illegible] Square [illegible] bookholler in [illegible] profession. "There's what the [illegible] of Avon says: 'The man that hath no music in his soul—'"

"[illegible] of me [illegible]," said Hancock, [illegible] chair back against the salt [illegible] I ain't gone crazy over it, [illegible] Bert Walkiss ever be."

"What was that about Bert Walkiss, [illegible]?" asked Marcus Parsons.

"[illegible] was crazy about music," replied [illegible]. "He didn't play himself [illegible] make out to learn [illegible] know enough to pound a [illegible] with a blacksmith's rasp [illegible] reel—but he had a [illegible] admiration fer anyone that could. He'd come around to my house when I was practicin' sometimes an' set an' listen to me by the hour with tears standin' in his eyes. He got licked more times when he was a young un fer follerin' the band around than he had fingers an' toes [illegible] he'd go to meetin', even to hear the music. He couldn't play, as I said, but he wus allus tryin' to. He'd buy a jewsharp, like Clem here an' work at it till he got his own teeth all loose an' everybody else's on edge. Then he'd save up fer a mouth organ an' rub blisters on his lips. When he seen he couldn't do nothin' with the mouth organ he gave it away an' bought him a guitar an' a instruction book.

"That wasn't no good, either, an' he traded that to Pete Simpson, the barber. Pete got it down fine in about a month. He could play the 'Spanish fandango' an' 'Napoleon's March' and pick out the chords fer 'most any kind o' song. Then Bert 'ud come to town an' forget all about his tradin', settin' around in the barber shop listenin' to Pete. It uster make old man Walkiss hoppin' mad. He allus 'lowed Bert 'ud never be wuth the powder to blow him to blazes as a farmer.

"He was mistaken about that, though. Bert wus a good boy to work when there wasn't no music around an' he knew more about raisin' corn an' hogs than the old man did himself. When the old man finally died an' Bert got the place he raised bigger crops than anybody in the township an' his stock took prizes ag'in at the fairs. Bert got tol'able well fixed an' the girls begun makin' a set at him. Still, he didn't pay no p'tickler attention to 'em.

"Fin'ly one night he went to the lyceum at Willow Bend schoolhouse an' there was a gal there from [illegible] over in Atchison county, that [illegible] itin' Lew Meakin's folks. Sh[illegible] lessons on the planner an' [illegible] hauled over his planner to the [illegible] house so's't she could play. [illegible] there that night an' I'll never fergit how Bert whistled and stomped when she pounded out 'Silvery Waves' on that ol' square of Lew's. I saw she was a gal, but she wasn't no spring chicken, an' she was built a good deal like a white oak fence rail—about as long an' with corners 'most any way you turned her. Her face wouldn't have been considered so blame homely if there had been any homelier ones around, but there wasn't.

"But Bert didn't care nothin' about that. He jest nachelly tried to stomp a hole in the floor, until she come agin an' give 'em 'The Maiden's Prayer.' Then he raised the room an' conducted himself disorderly until he got 'The Beautiful Blue Danube.'

"Next mornin' he went over to Lew Meakin's after seed potatoes. He wore his best clothes an' the gal played 'Silvery Waves' for him.

"A night or two after that Bert says to me: 'You can talk about your horns an' your fiddles an' guitars, but to my notion the planner beats 'em all.'

"Two months after that he married the gal an' you could drive past the house most any time o' day or night after that an' you could hear 'Silvery Waves' or 'The Maiden's Prayer,' or 'Blue Danube.' Judas! That woman was homely."

"I calculate Bert was satisfied," said the storekeeper.

"I reckon he was," said Hancock. "The only thing ever made me doubt it was one time about a year after I seen him at the county fair standin' an' watchin' a feller that had one o' these dewdads you hitch on to a planner an' it plays it for you. First time I'd ever seen one, too. Bert's eyes just stuck out of his head when the feller showed him how it worked an' let him run it himself. 'Gosh!' he says.

"'Any piece you want,' says the feller pawin' over a passle o' rolls o' paper that he'd been feedin' into the machine. 'Here's "The Maiden's Prayer." Try that.'

"'Not by a jugful,' says Bert. 'Nor yet "Silvery Waves," ner "The Blue Danube Waltz." Anythin' but them.'

"An' when he'd played suthin' else the feller handed him he let out a long breath an' looked over at Mis' Walkiss, who was standin' by the pickle booth an' seemed like part of the exhibit. 'Only to think!' he says. 'If only I'd have waited!'"

"What made you doubt whether Bert was satisfied?" asked Baker, after a little pause.—Chicago Daily News.

THE HERALD.

MINIATURE ALMANAC,
JANUARY 11.

SUN RISES ....7:13 | MOON RISES 05 48 P. M.
SUN SETS ....4:32 | FULL SEA.. 11 45 A. M. / 00 00 P. M.
LENGTH OF DAY ..9 19

Last Quarter, Jan. 17th, 3h. 49m., evening, W.
New Moon, Jan. 24th, 0h. 8m., evening, W.
First Quarter, Feb. 1st, 7h. 31m., morning, E.
Full Moon, Feb. 9th, 2h. 46m., morning, W.

THURSDAY, JAN. 11, 1906.

THE TEMPERATURE

At two o'clock this afternoon, THE HERALD'S thermometer registered thirty degrees above zero.

CITY BRIEFS.

Portsmouth wants snow.

City Hall will be crowded tonight.

The battle is on at City Hall tonight.

The iceman has begun his winter labors.

January has been a busy month up to date.

Lobsters are scarce, but not unobtainable.

Are you going to the city meeting this evening?

Reserved seats for basketball game on sale at Bass'

The skating has seldom been better hereabouts.

Secret order officers are decidedly active just now.

Have your shoes repaired by John Mott, 34 Congress street.

Large shipments of coal are now being made from this city.

Charles K. Harris is always a welcome visitor to Portsmouth.

The politicians have had few idle moments since Election day.

The Portsmouth District Nursing Association has begun its work.

January has already given us its fair proportion of sunshiny days.

Many naval officers known in this city will retire during the present year.

The man with the snow shovel has not been much in evidence so far this winter.

A blanket of snow would prevent the freezing of the ground to a great depth.

Box 53 will soon have as notable a record as box 19 for foolish fire

[illegible] Castle, No. 4, Knights of the [illegible] Eagle, had a great time last

"Pretty cold, but nothing like last year", is the way people size up the situation.

The secret societies of Portsmouth were never more active than they are this winter.

Some of the trees along Islington street are forcing the sidewalks much out of line.

Reduction of expenses is a problem demanding solution by the new city government.

The second Decatur court martial has come as a considerable surprise to many in this city.

The cases of local interest before the January term of court at Exeter will be fairly numerous.

Charles K. Harris, the most popular star of all the repertoire companies visiting this city, will be at Music Hall all next week.

Franklin Pierce Lodge, Knights of Honor, is planning for a box party on Monday evening, Feb. 5.

Arrived—Steamer Charles F. Mayer with 1498 tons of Georges Creek Cumberland coal from Baltimore.

Basketball, Portsmouth vs. Cambridge A. A., (formerly the Danvers team), Peirce Hall, Saturday, Jan. 13.

That operations at Freeman's Point are progressing well is indicated by the starting of brick work.

See John L. Newton of this city in "The Senator's Wife" at Music Hall on Saturday afternoon and evening.

The automobile enthusiast is considering the advisability of disposing of his old car and purchasing a new one.

Great local interest is shown in Senator Gallinger's shipping bill now being considered by the United States Senate.

Charles K. Harris, the best known and most popular of the "leading men" who visit this city in repertoire, will be at Music Hall all next week.

Many of the candidates will be on hand this evening to learn the outcome of their efforts.

Farmers, mechanics, railroaders, laborers rely on Dr. Thomas' Eclectric Oil. Takes the sting out of cuts, burns or bruises at once.. Pain cannot stay where it is used.

THEIR 3D ANNUAL

Concert And Ball Held Last Evening

BY MEMBERS OF BARTENDERS' LOCAL, 309

Occasion Attracted A Large Crowd To Peirce Hall

WHERE AN EVENING THOROUGHLY ENJOYED BY ALL WAS PASSED

At Peirce Hall on Wednesday evening the third annual concert and ball of the Bartenders' Local Union, No. 309, was the attraction which drew one of the largest crowds seen in that gathering place for many years.

The grand march was led by Floor Director John Logue and Miss Mary Loughlin of Dover Point.

The following were those in charge of the affair:

Floor Director, John M. Logue;
Assistant Floor Director, Wallace G. Campbell;
Aids, All the members;
Reception Committee, Walter Lynskey, Joseph Callahan, Sidney H. Winn, Wilbur Moody, Philip Brennan and Dennis Hannan;
Committee of Arrangements, George W. Griffith, John M. Logue and Patrick McCabe.

Following is the concert program:

March, "True Blue,"	Redfield
Gems of Opera,	Tobani
Concert Waltz, "Danube Waves,"	Iranovici
Trombone Solo. Mr. Robbins	Selected
Medley Selections,	Harris

Much applause was called forth by the concert music.

The music was by Hoyt and Parker's orchestra, and was of a high order of merit.

The order of dances follows:

Grand March and Circle	
Waltz,	Light and Shade
Two Step,	Western Girl
Schottische,	Hey, Mister Joshua
Quadrille,	Bright Eyes
Newport,	'05
Intermission 30 minutes	
Waltz, I'll be Waiting,"	
Schottische, Make no Mistake	
Two Step, College Life	
Waltz,	Follow the Crowd on Sunday
Portland Fancy,	My Irish Molly O
Contra,	Old Style
Two Step,	Flo from Idaho
Galop,	Flash
Caprice,	Dancing in the Starlight
Waltz,	Golden Shower
Schottische,	On Yo' Way
Quadrille,	Bennett's Favorite
Waltz.	Incognito
Two Step.	
Everybody Works but Father	
Quadrille,	Gondolier
Waltz,	Dreams of Childhood

A special train from Dover brought 150 guests.

Two special guests of the evening were George J. Malmborg, Past President of Manchester Local, No. 398, and W. J. Linehan, first vice president of the New Hampshire Federation of Labor.

Officers and members of the Bartenders' Local are:

President, Wallace G Campbell;
Vice President, Joseph Conway;
Treasurer, John Logue;
Financial and Recording Secretary, George W. Griffith;
Chaplain, James J. Driscoll;
Inspector, Patrick McCabe;
Guard, Hugh McShane.

Members, A. Alberts, A. C. Amazeen, Philip Brennan, Alp. Cluett, J. S. Cullinan, Joseph Callahan, A. Callahan, G. W. Dolloff, H. L. Drew, Edward Fitzgerald, J. Flanagan, P. J. Farrell, L. B. Griffin, John Griffin, W. J. Gallagher, Tony Gerry, J. B. Haley, G. A. Hanscom, D. F. Harrington, J. J. Haley, D. J. Hannan, John Kidney, Walt. Lynskey, Alfred Lyons, F. J. Leslie, T. F. Markey, W. F. Moody, Thos. McKenna, D. J. Murphy, John Meehan, Charles Manning, M. P. Morrissey, Charles McCarthy, Hugh McMahon, J. J. Murphy, Thomas McKernan, Henry McCue, H. E. Northup, John O'Brien Patrick O'Leary, A. H. Patriquin, Arthur Reynolds, H. P. Spinney, J. A. Swift, D. E. Tatten, S. H. Winn, G. W. Wheeler, W. M. Wallace, J. H. Wesley and Edward F. Welch.

WILL LAND FARES HERE

The steamer Columbia of Gloucester, Mass., has been chartered for the winter by the United States bureau of fisheries and will be used in the collection of cod eggs from the Ipswich Bay fleet, which lands its fares here. Capt. G. F. O. Hanson, commander of the United States fish commission schooner Grampus, will be in command of the craft.

CALLED TO BOSTON

Attorney Allen Summoned To Attend Tucker Hearing

Attorney Harry L. Allen of this city leaves on the 7.28 train this (Thursday) evening for Boston to be present on Friday as one of the counsel for the defense in the Tucker hearing, assigned for that day, to submit the new evidence secured by him relative to the ownership of the Canadian pin and upon which another trial is to be asked.

The new witnesses as to this pin are to come from Portland tonight and will join Mr. Allen at the Portsmouth station. They will proceed together to Boston.

The hearing is expected to last through Friday and a goodly portion of Saturday. It is understood that the evidence is quite strong and its force will, it is thought, disprove one of the main claims of the prosecution, which was supposed to have had great weight with the jury in reaching the verdict of guilty of murder in the first degree against Tucker.

SHOULDER BROKEN

Mrs. Riley Injured In A Rather Peculiar Accident

Mrs. Alice Riley received a broken shoulder at her home on Congress street on Wednesday evening as the result of a fall following what is believed to have been an explosion of gas.

Mrs. Riley and her husband detected a distinct gaseous odor, apparently emanating from the cellar. They descended the stairs, to locate the leak if possible, and Mr. Riley struck a match.

An explosion followed instantly and Mrs. Riley was hurled backward, falling against the sharp edge of a step and suffering a fractured shoulder.

Her husband received no injury.

OPENED ROOMS

Longshoremen Had a House Warming in New Quarters

The longshoremen opened their new rooms on the corner of Daniel and Penhallow streets on Wednesday evening and celebrated the evening by a social and smoke talk.

William Gresham, the captain of the tug-of-war team, talked of athletic sports and also acted as toastmaster..

During the evening, the Hay Scales quartet rendered the latest up to date selections and two of the members did some surprising work at buck and wing dancing.

Refreshments of boiled lobsters, steamed clams, sandwiches and coffee were served.

The organization was presented with a cord of wood from a well known Market street business man, also a ton of coal from a North End firm.

PARTING GIFT

Presented to Thomas Fletcher by Men of Postoffice Force

Thomas Fletcher, for several years railway clerk on the route between this city and Concord, has been transferred to the Groveton and Boston route.

On Wednesday, the clerks at the Portsmouth postoffice and others employed in the government building bade good-by to Mr. Fletcher and presented to him a large and handsome traveling bag. Henry Gregg made a graceful presentation speech and Mr. Fletcher gratefully responded.

Mr. Fletcher enjoyed the pleasantest relations with the members of the local postoffice force and they, in common with his other friends in this city, while pleased at his promotion, regret that he has been transferred.

POLICE CAMPAIGN CONTINUED

The police are continuing their campaign against questionable places of resort in this city. On Wednesday, warnings were issued to several more undesirable characters to leave town at once and others will be banished within a day or two.

EMERSON PIANOS

Are Ideally Beautiful For Home or Studio.

THE tone quality is rich and sparkling and of uniformly even quality throughout the scale.

The touch is delightful to the finger and has that elastic feel that charms the musician.

The case designs are marvelous creations, beautiful in finish.

Step into our warerooms and ask to be shown these superb instruments.

PRICES MODERATE, payments accepted

MONTGOMERY'S

6 Pleasant St.. Portsmouth.

ELABORATE PROGRAM

For the Winter Planned by Mohawk Club of This City

The members of the Mohawk Club of this city are very busy arranging for the ladies' night to be observed at the rooms on Wednesday, Jan. 17.

The members of this club have recently gone to considerable expense in fitting up their quarters. Steam heat, electric lights, and other modern conveniences have been installed, making the club quarters up to date in every respect.

At the last regular meeting it was voted to celebrate the completion of the rooms by a public celebration. Much talent, local and foreign, has been engaged for the pleasure of the public and a turkey supper will be served in the banquet hall. The pool and billiard rooms, also the bowling alleys, all on the second floor, will be opened on this occasion for the exclusive use of guests.

This event will be the beginning of a series of entertainments which the club is to conduct during the winter months. Plans are already under way for an automobile trip to Greenland town hall on the twenty-ninth of this month. The club now has a membership of 150 and it is safe to say that whatever it undertakes is bound to be successful.

PERSONALS.

A. R. Batchelder is in Boston today (Thursday).

Mrs. William A. Hall is ill at her home on State street.

Mrs. L. H. Thayer is visiting in Boston today (Thursday).

William H. Dowdell of the electric street railway made a business trip to Lawrence, Mass., today (Thursday).

Thomas Mulcahy, manager of the Armstrong cafe at the Portland Union station, formerly of the Portsmouth station, is ill with rheumatic fever.

Charles Glines, the well known car inspector at the Boston and Maine station, is looking up defective cars at Rockingham Junction today (Thursday).

Herbert B. Dow, Frank Moulton and True W. Priest, delegates from Portsmouth Lodge of Elks, are attending a meeting of the executive committee of the Edwin Forest Club in Boston today (Thursday).

INJURED WHILE AT WORK

Mary Meyers, employed in the laundry at The Rockingham, had two fingers of the left hand jammed in a mangling machine on Wednesday. Mrs. Myers accidentally put her hand in the machine to save herself from a fall. The fingers were not badly jammed and she will be at work in a short time.

ACCIDENT TO STONE MASON

A stone mason employed on the quay wall at the navy yard had the middle finger of his left hand taken off this (Thursday) morning by getting his hand caught between a piece of granite and the side of a sloop. He was attended by the Naval Hospital force.

INSTALLATION TOMORROW EVENING

The newly elected officers of Perkins Post No. 78, G. A. R. and Perkins Relief Corps, No. 46, of Hampton will be installed Friday evening in Grand Army Hall in that town.

THE PROBABLE WINNERS

Men Likely to Receive City Offices

A GUESS AS TO WHO WILL GET THE VOTES

The new city government will meet for the second time tonight and then the guessing contests will end. **The Herald**, like the city in general, has been compelled to do some guessing, but imagines that it has guessed very nearly right in a good many cases. As a last guess, it will name a few candidates that it is reasonably safe to say will fill the places for the year 1906.

For street commissioner William G. Marshall is the strongest candidate, although a Republican may get one Democratic vote.

The next important position is that of chief engineer. When the next fire alarm rings in the department and the fire, if there is any, will be handled by Charles D. Varrell, who is the candidate under an agreement made regarding the votes for some other man to fill another desired position. By this agreement, Frank Seymour, who was also a candidate for chief engineer, will probably land as assistant engineer and for the other three assistants former Chiefs Herbert A. Marden and Eugene J. Sullivan and Francis Quinn of Company 4 are picked as winners.

Walter H. Page wants to collect the taxes for another year and the chances are that he will do so.

Dan Mahaney had a good lead for overseer of the poor until lately. Now Dan will have to buck up against John J. Laskey, who is picked for a winner and who, if he runs, will no doubt be fought hard by the Republican members of the board. This story of Laskey coming in at the last minute has caused a shortness of breath with Candidates Phinney, Miskell and Horan, who thought they had a good chance to win. Michael J. Griffin will go back as superintendent of burying grounds, a job where he is right at home and which is no strange position for him to fill.

John L. Mitchell will do the honors in the place of Judge Adams, beginning tomorrow (Friday) and will look after the interests of the city in legal matters.

Lamont Hilton will have to be satisfied with one year as treasurer for the city and the auditor will soon square up accounts between Mr. Hilton and Charles E. Almy, as the latter promises to be the new man for that place.

Elmer Clark will glide out on Friday and hand over his keys to Warrington Moulton who has been a fast man in the race for the city messengership ever since he started.

You will no doubt find a Republican as one member of the board of health, unless he should become a Democrat within the next twelve hours.

The session tonight promises to be a busy one and the board will try to fill every office. The three Republican members, Colbeth, Long and Boynton, will get together this afternoon and prepare for battle, picking out the weak points of the Democrats if they can find any. Go early tonight and avoid the rush.

RYE LINE CAR

It Tried To Go In Two Directions Last Evening

The nine o'clock electric car for Rye made a freak move at the corner of Congress and Middle streets on Wednesday evening.

In making the turn at that point one pair of trucks took the Middle street rails while the other pair traveled up the main line tracks up Congress street. This was caused by the wheels not riding the switch properly and the car was thrown almost directly across the street. It was soon put back on the rails and only a few trips were lost from the regular schedule.

VALUABLE HORSES

Break Through The Ice Of Fresh River And Are Drowned

Two valuable horses belonging to John G. and Gardner Gilman of Exeter met death in Fresh River on Wednesday.

The animals were being used in transporting wood and the frozen surface of the river was utilized as a roadway. Early Wednesday afternoon, they broke through the ice, near what is called Sandy Bottom, about three miles from Exeter. The water at that point is twenty feet deep.

The horses broke the ice for a space of nearly seventy-five feet in their efforts to save themselves and the men in charge tried desperately but unavailingly to rescue them. The animals finally succumbed to the cold and were drowned.

Assistance was secured from Exeter to remove the horses from the river and while this work was in progress Gardner Gilman, one of the owners, himself fell into the water and was rescued with difficulty.

The value of the two horses was $450.

JANUARY MARK-DOWN SALE

OF MEN'S SUITS

Men's and Youths' Suits of Scotch and Worsted Mixtures reduced as follows:

7.50 8.50	Suits reduced to	5.75
10.00	" " "	7.75
12.50	" " "	8.75
15.00	" " "	11.75
18.50	" " "	13.75
20.00 22.50	" " "	15.75
25.00	" " "	18.75

Men's and Boys' Winter Overcoats Marked Down.

F. W. LYDSTON & CO.

THE CLOTHIERS.

CHARLES J. WOOD.

Mr. Wood is now occupying his new store, formerly the office of the Rockingham National Bank, Pleasant Street, where he has accommodations for his increasing business. The public is cordially invited to visit Mr. Wood at his new place of business and inspect his new line of cloths.

CHARLES J. WOOD,

Custom Tailor, Pleasant Street.

COUNCILMAN WENDELL ILL

Seized By Severe Attack Of Indigestion Wednesday Afternoon

Councilman Henry Wendell was taken suddenly ill, suffering from a severe attack of indigestion at his store on Congress street Wednesday afternoon.

He was unable to attend the Democratic conference last evening, and his illness, for political as well as for personal reasons, is causing much worry.

POLICE COURT

John Dawe and Pearl Spinney appeared in police court this (Thursday) forenoon charged with drunkenness. Judge Simes imposed a fine of $5.00, with costs of $6.90 in each case.

SIXTEEN BELOW ZERO

Mrs. Mary I. Wood has returned from Saxon River, Vt., where she visited her mother, who is ill. On Wednesday, she rode five miles in a carriage with the thermometer sixteen degrees below zero.

BOY'S INJURIES FATAL

Ignace Malo, a twelve year old boy of Suncook, was run over by an electric car on Wednesday and both arms were cut off at the elbows. The lad died at the Margaret Pillsbury Hospital, Concord, a few hours later.

There will be a matinee and an evening presentation of "The Senator's Wife" at Music Hall on Saturday, affording local theatregoers an opportunity to witness the first appearance of John L. Newton before a Ports-

FOR LODGE OF SORROW

Committees Are Appointed By St. Andrew's And St. John's

Members of the committees of St. Andrew's and St. John's Lodges, A. F. and A. M., for the Lodge of Sorrow to be held on Tuesday, April 24, are as follows:

St. Andrew's, John K. Bates, Edward H. Adams and Dr. W. O. Junkins;

St. John's, Frank J. Philbrick, Allen H. Knapp, A. R. Sides, F. I. Brown, J. Frank McGraw, Frederick Watkins and Robert R. King.

BOX 53

Needless Alarm Of Fire Sounded On Wednesday

At about half past five o'clock on Wednesday evening an alarm of fire was rung in from Box 53, summoning the local department to the vicinity of the Kearsarge House.

The alarm was caused by an explosion of gas in the rear of the hotel, and was entirely needless.

The firemen found no fire on their arrival, and the all-out signal was at once sounded.

AT NORTH CHURCH CHAPEL

Third In Week Of Prayer Meetings Held Last Evening

"Preparation for Work" was the subject of the union meeting at the North Church chapel last evening.

The meeting was led by Rev. Mr. Fell and Rev. C. O. Farnum.

Rev. George W. Gile will lead the meeting this evening, the topic being "Social Righteousness."

GETS SUM OF $20

The Congregational parsonage at New Castle lately received a check for $20 from Mrs. Lawrence of New York city. The lady is a well known summer resident of the island town.

MEETS THIS AFTERNOON

The Ladies' Circle connected with the Advent Church at South Eliot meets this afternoon with Mrs. Joseph W. Davis.

The annual Bartenders' ball last evening was a big affair.